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The Seed

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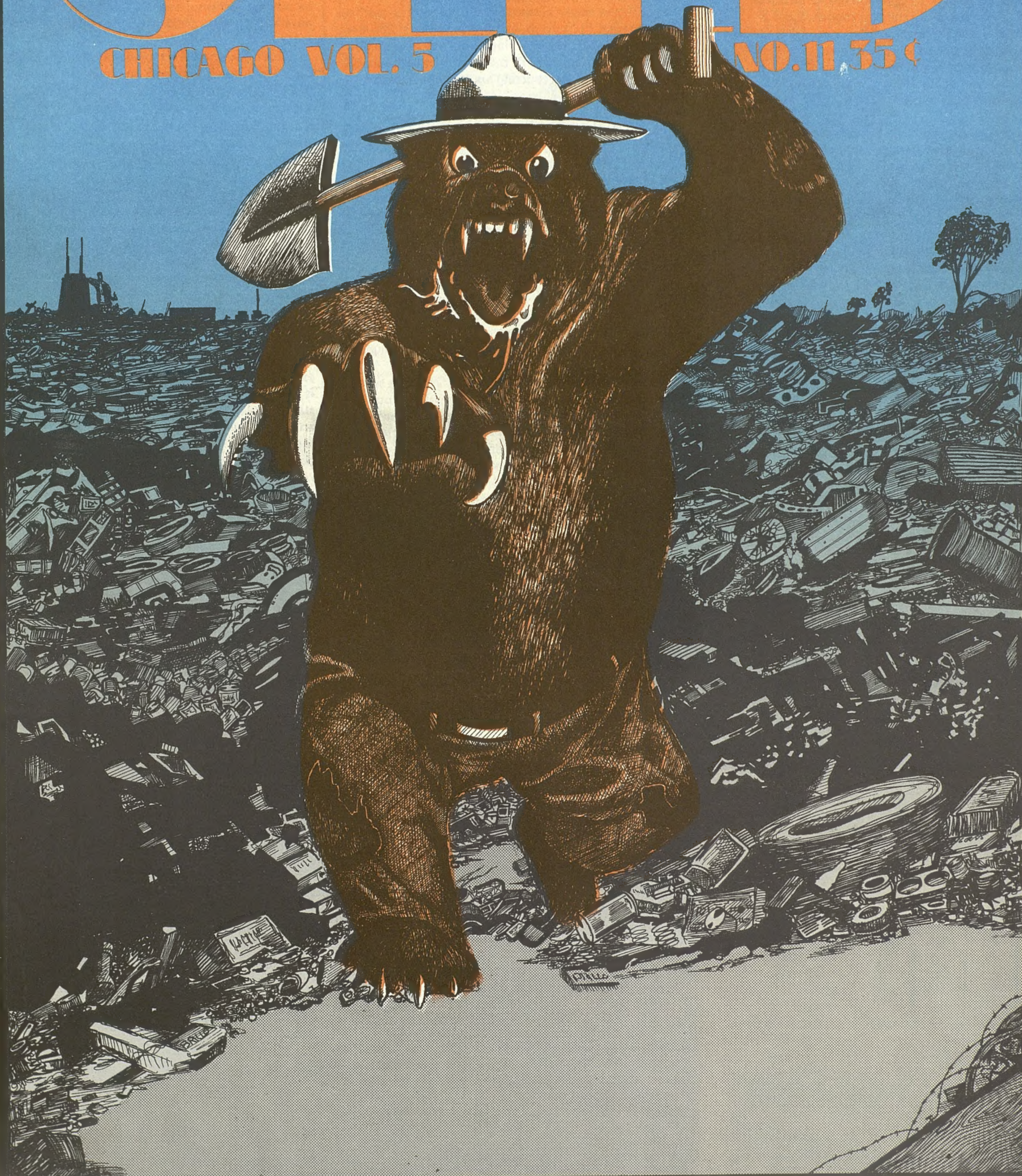
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# SEED

CHICAGO VOL. 5

NO. 11 35¢



PETER SOLT/SEEN/9/17/70 BEAR COURTESY OF KALEIDOSCOPE



# FREE CITY FOLLIES

The city council of De Kalb Illinois has taken another step in the direction of 1984 by banning ALL NEWSMEN from the streets of De Kalb during times of emergency conditions. . Strangely enough, it turns out that the Mayor can declare a State of Emergency anytime he feels that violence is occurring, or the threat of violence occurs, or any time more than 25 people gather together in the streets.

The only head shop in Maywood has come under heavy police harrasment in the past month. Libra Sound and Lighting Projects has been invaded by innumerable plainclothes porkers, has had squad cars parked out front and back day and nights, and customers coming into or out of the store have been stopped and searched. Attempts have been made to force entry late at night.

Complaints have been made by the people of Maywood against these harrasing tactics by the police, but, as expected, the cops deny everything.

Libra is trying to actively serve and build a real community in Maywood, which no doubt accounts for the harrasment.

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee is organizing a boycott against lettuce growers, particularly the Purex Corporation, largest of the growers. Since August 24 of this year over 7000 farm workers in California's Salinas Valley have been on strike. The Valley grows over 70% of the nations lettuce. The farm workers are asking for the same basic justice like that won by the grape pickers: recognition, decent pay, job security, health protection, and a ban on dangerous pesticides used on lettuce.

The lettuce growers, led by the huge Purex Corp, refuse even to recognize the farm workers as human beings. Instead, company goons have attacked and beaten them, smashed their cars with bulldozers and hired strike-breakers to steal their jobs.

As a result of this, a boycott has been called against the Purex Corporation by the United Farm Workers until Purex meets with the workers and signs an

agreement that will change the conditions in the lettuce fields.

So, don't buy Sweetheart Soap or Brillo pads or anything else with the Purex name on it. For more information and ways to help call the United Farm Workers at 427-7078. Their address is 1300 South Wabash, Chicago 60605.

SDS (actually Progressive Labor) will hold a regional conference September 25, 26th and 27th here in Chicago. If you need a crash course in rhetoric or just feel like seeing what PL is up to, call these numbers: 288-0481 493,8643 or 472-8746. The Yippies plan to send an observation team equipped with the latest in revolutionary chemicals and we'll be reporting on the confrontation in the next issue.

The La Dolores Women's Liberation Center has a new location and lots of new programs. The Center is now at 2150 North Halsted on the second floor. Phone is 935-0324. Decision making meetings are held at 8 p.m. the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month. Decisions should be made by everyone, so all women are welcome. If you're interested in learning more about the Women's Liberation Movement and the center, come to the orientation meeting every third Monday at 8 p.m.

A group of women have begun a Women's Revolutionary Art Coop. It's into wall painting, photography, and a craft coop. If you're already doing any of these things and want to work with others, or if you want to learn a craft, come to the Center any Wednesday night at 7:30.

There's a new rap group that meets at 7:30 pm every Sunday. The Oldies but Goodies meet regularly too. Marxist study group on wednesday nights, Women's History discussions every Thursday at 8 p.m.; Labor Organizing Collective at 8 p.m. on Fridays.

In the near future there will be a new high school rap group, a day care coalition committee for the north-side, a consumerism group, and self defense classes. For information about these, call the center in a week or two.

Well, Free City's broke! Every branch of Free City is either in financial oblivion, or on the very verge.

As of right now, Free City Exchange is non-existent—broken by the endless cycle of money hassles and interpersonal friction. They hope to reopen this week, but now that they've paid the phone bill, what about the rent? "Dear Landlord, please don't put a price on my soul..."

Radio Free Chicago just finished its second straight collection marathon, coming up with the requisite bread for airtime two days late. We remain on the air on a microwave and a prayer. Next week may be the last. "This could be the last time..."

Alice's Revisited is scraping donations to pay the rent and a landlord visit appears imminent. In the midst of financial chaos, they put \$25 into Radio Free Chicago, without even being asked. It turned out to be the \$25 that put RFC over the hump last week. "I am he is you are we is you are me and we are all together..."

Free City Music, (i.e. Euphoria Blimpworks) has been forced out of the parks, and may well be forced out of existence by a constant stream of midnight equip of existence by a constant stream of midnight equipment rip-offs. "We got to get ourselves together..."

Free City Food is in disarray. The Free City Pantry is still waiting on lumber, carpentry and support; there is still no money for a community Bail Fund. "Nobody knows ya, when your down and out..."

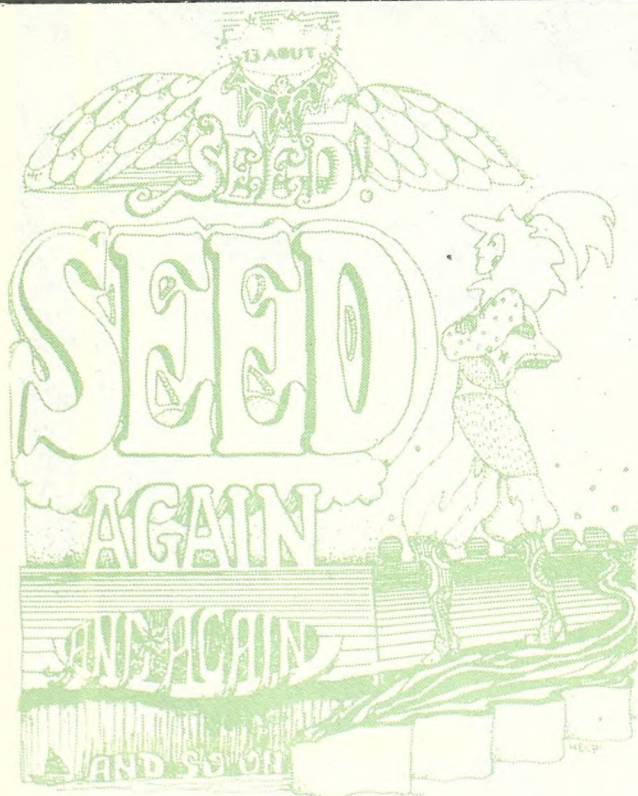
The remaining tentacles of the endangered Free City species are trying their best to get a benefit concert together. We are hoping to have 2 local rock bands, 2 local bluesmen and 2 national acts. Everything is fine, except that getting national groups to play a free gig is like asking a vampire for a blood donation. We've been stalled, brushed off, ignored, refused and given the run-around by every group we've approached. It's just too fucking much to ask of a band that they play one god-damn free gig that will entertain thousands of people and provide free services to thousands more. The benefit is gonna happen if we've got to extort it out of them, and if that doesn't work, we'll call on you to support us and the local musicians by coming out to a jam by the best groups Chicago itself has to offer. What we want to do is put on a night of killer jams for two bucks. We'll get it together by any means necessary, and we ask only that you come out and have a good time for your donation.

Such a benefit could conceivably do a lot of financial good for Free City, but if some of you don't send some bread into us (and you can mail it care of the Seed, which has tremendous money hassles of its own, but will forward everything to other even needier Free City groups) there may not be a Free City left to support come October. "Time has come today..."

## EXTRA!!!



As we go to press...seven members of Rising Up Angry were busted in their cars on their way to an open meeting and a showing of a film (China- 1/4 of humanity). All seven are now out, thanks to the generosity of a lot of people in the community. The mass bust—two cars full—suggests a set-up by the pigs. Check out the next Rising Up Angry and the next Seed for further information.



What you hold in your hand is Volume 5 number 11 of the Chicago Seed. We're a week late—a fact for which we have to apologize both to our readers and our street sellers. Part of the reason was our move to our new offices at 950 W. Wrightwood (our phone number is still the same: 929-0133 or 4).

A lot of other things have happened since our last issue—high schools and many colleges reopened, Lonnie McLucas was convicted in New Haven, Free City Exchange temporarily closed (problems with people and money) but hopefully will be reopened by the time you read this, and of course there was the great wave of airplane hijackings. Chicago has been relatively quiet—but that's probably just the lull before the storm.

And the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention met in Philadelphia. A full report appears in the issue. One person who was there, writing in the L.A. Free Press, said that to believe in a second American revolution before Philadelphia was an act of existential and historical faith; but that not to believe in it after Philadelphia would be a dereliction of the human spirit. The system is falling apart and the people are finally coming together.

The Seed wants to help the people come together and fashion an alternative future—that's the only justification

there could be for our existence. So please let us know what you think of what we're doing—and let us know what's going on in your community at your school or on your job and in your head. We always need more people to sell papers on the street—so come around. We send free subscriptions to an increasing number of GPs in Vietnam—five or six seem to come in every few days—and we could use some bread to help pay for this. If we don't get some extra bread for this, we'll have to discontinue the offer. We need, as always, all kinds of office supplies.

Those who helped put this issue together are: Abe, Lynda, Eliot, Penny, Rebecca, Dick, Maralee, David, Fred, Earl, Jerry, Maria, Bernie, Lois, Mitch, Peter, LNS, Up From Under, People's Press, Radio Free Chicago, Tim Yippie!, Russell, Cindy, Charlie, Scanlan's, Mike Gold, Neil, the illustrious Krug, Donovan, all who helped us move, Paul, the family, Alice's, Jeff's, and Mike Einhaus.

A very special event happened on Thursday, Sept. 10. Rebecca gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, Baht-Rifkah (meaning, daughter of Rebecca). It is to her that this issue is dedicated—in the hope that the near future finds a better, more cooperative and friendly world for her to grow up in.



# HI SCHOOL HIJINKS

Many of us realize that school is fucked, but still we return each fall as lemmings on their march to death at sea. For some reason, perhaps that of wanting to survive in their society, we go back to have our minds trained not to learn, to have our minds trained to ignore our natural talents and creativity. Students must become aware of the fact that schools are merely diploma factories (at their best) that employ a staff to police and imprison kids. Most of the learning that does occur happens in spite of school, not because of it.

In addition to being educational farces, high schools are politically and racially oppressive institutions that divide and segregate people. Good students (academic dogooders) in this class and bad ones in that class. Black and Puerto Ricans in the shitty schools, working-class kids in vocational schools, suburban rich kids in ruling-class schools. Catholic girls to Catholic girls schools, Catholic boys to Catholic boys schools, Jews to Jewish academies. Indians to... get the hell back to the reservation. Freaks on this side of the room and greasers on the other. The school boards don't want the people together. They're afraid the people just might realize who their common enemy is and fight it together instead of fighting each other.

You know all this. You know it, so please don't become a part of it. If you must get a diploma to survive in their society (what do you want with their society anyway?), don't ruin your mind doing it.

If you must play the schools' game, do it only when necessary. Don't let it conquer you. Remember to educate yourself. Read everything and anything informative, useful, and relevant. THINK for yourself. Don't follow commands and rules blindly. "If you are not part of the solution you are part of the problem."

(Eldridge Cleaver)

Do something. Act on your beliefs. Don't vegetate in green-walled school rooms for the rest of your life. If you stop using your mind it will rot away like an unused muscle. And like an unused muscle it will never regain its original strength. It will never be the same.

## BOGUS EDUCATION

The idea that education takes place in school is a myth. This is proved by the "teaching methods" that are used throughout the country.

After a class mysteriously learns a block of subject matter, the teacher always calls for a review for the next day's test. This is followed by a list of chapters, pages, and types of problems that will appear on the exam. If the students had really learned the subject why would they have to be told the pages and types of problems the test would cover? Why would they even have to be told there was going to be a test?

Because if they weren't they would flunk, proving that the teachers' methods were faulty and the class had no interest in the topic. High school instructors are much too fragile to accept this reality so they tell their kids to go home and study. Of course the teachers don't expect the kids to really learn the stuff. They want them to "crash study" (temporarily memorize) and cheat a little. Then when the class does well on the exam, the instructor congratulates himself on "teaching" all those kids this wonderful knowledge, and concludes that he must really be an excellent teacher.

In reality he isn't even a bad teacher because he doesn't teach anything. His methods are not those that people learn by, and the students are not the least bit interested in what he has to say. The so-called instructor is simply a combination babysitter and policeman for the country's largest system of juvenile homes.



It seems like most of the activists at Senn have become fed up enough to leave for greener pastures. A few girls are trying St. Mary's, a new experimental Catholic school. Just how experimental it will be remains to be seen. If there's anyone left at Senn, please call the Seed and let us know what's going down.

Lake Forest High School witnessed its first "freshman disorientation" on September fourth. Some thoughtful community organizers kindly provided the incoming prisoners with a barrage of leaflets and a little entertainment. During the traditional assembly, a handy-dandy portable tape recorder was planted in the gym. The machine greeted the pledgees with the appropriate laughter as seven or eight teachers chased it from seat to seat. Our mechanical friend was finally captured a few minutes after the pledgee ceremony was finished.

The prison is presently operating without a warden. It seems as though last year the principal had an affair with the head guidance counselor. This was followed by a nervous breakdown, reportedly caused by those horrible north-suburban hooligans. At this point the old man decided it was time to give up, and he quit.

Bill Peterson, an out of district student at Gage Park High School, got transferred to Harper because of his work on an underground newspaper, Therefore Choose Life. During the summer, a group of concerned students consulted lawyers in an attempt to get Bill back to Gage Park but nothing could be done. One major problem is that the grease vs. freak war rages on, and as a result people are too busy fighting each other to fight the school.

Last March, New Trier High School hired a consultant firm to tell them what was wrong with their wonderful institution of secondary education. Five months and 40,000 dollars later came the astute conclusion that (1) the school was too oriented towards New Trier East (as opposed to West), (2) the advisor system was fucked up, and (3) the administration was poorly organized. If the school would have asked a few of the faculty and students for their honest opinions they would have gotten the same conclusion in only one day... for free.

Also at New Trier, there are rumors floating around that several of the students may attempt to run candidates for the school board. They are still looking for qualified candidates that will listen to and support the victims of the school's sheltered, ruling-class "education."

The pigs are coming down hard in the Marquette Park area. Our good friends in blue have been bothering the people with dope busts and the usual narks (watch out for a girl with long blonde hair working with a guy with moderately long brown hair in a beige mustang). The Amerikan Nazi Party has been dropping bottles on the people's heads from second floor apartments. And to top it all off, pigs are called to a neighborhood ice-cream stand whenever a crowd of more than ten longhairs gathers. Public enemies beware, the people are getting organized.

Tenured Niles East teachers Judy Pildes and John Palm now join Nancy Tripp in being relieved of their classes at the school because of radical teaching methods. Some of their methods were: letting students decide the curriculum, engaging in discussion instead of lecture, regarding the kids as equals, neglecting attendance, and disregarding grades. It seems like the Niles school board can't stand good teachers.

The Peoples' School, 4409 N. Sheridan, will begin its Liberation School for high school people September 23. Classes will be held from 6-10 pm Monday through Thursday on a variety of interesting and relevant topics (counter culture, womens' lib, etc). If you'd like to take or teach a course (a yoga teacher is especially needed) call 561-6737. You might really learn something.

Every high school in this city and its suburbs needs an underground newspaper. Papers provide much of the education the schools don't, and open channels of communications between the students. With this tool of communications a coalition or union can be set up to provide a true and united voice for the students in matters dealing with oppressors, such as administrators. Coalition also furnish the organization necessary for united action when demands are not met.

If you don't start a paper at your school, there's a good chance no one will. If you have the drive we can help with information on the technical aspects and fund raising. We also need you to supply news from your school and we in turn will relay it to interested people via the telephone, Seed, other papers, and the broadcast media. If you need help organizing, starting a paper, or have some news call Mitch at 929-0133. Start Organizing.

— Mitch



# the EARTH belongs to the PEOPLE

The Earth Belongs to the People is an excellent book put out by the People's Press—the same people that gave you Vietnam—A Thousand Years of Struggle, which is also excellent. Appropriately subtitled, Ecology and Power, it begins with the problems of overpopulation, goes on to explain the connections between pollution and capitalism and imperialism, lists our alternatives, and ties in Vietnam's and America's "Ecology Problems."

Rising Up Angry distributes the People's Press books and will be happy to send you a copy if you give them a call. The price of this book is 75¢. Pick up a copy today, I think you'll really enjoy reading it.

The following are a few paragraphs from the book:

Breathing city air is a cigarette death. Smog masks for city dwellers are only ten years away, say the scientists.

Tokyo, 1970: vending machines are selling whiffs of oxygen instead of candy bars.

Los Angeles, 1970: schools are closed on bad smog days.

The rivers we drink are sewers.

Ohio, 1969: the Cuyahoga River, a liquid that oozes through industrial Ohio, bursts into flame.

The noise never ends: it drives people crazy, it can injure babies before they are born.

Over half the people on our planet go to bed hungry every night. Why?

To look at the pictures in the news or listen to the experts and officials, you'd think underdeveloped countries are hungry because they are overflowing with people. You see miles and miles of tightly-clumped shanties, filled with gaunt, desperate people, surrounding the cities of Brazil. Ask the slum dwellers of Brazil where they came from, however, and many talk of the vast empty countryside. They came because they had lost their land. As these interests develop their property, trying to harvest profits from the soil, they evict the peasants who have always lived on the land.

These families have nowhere else to go but to the city. And the slums continue to swell.

In America too, we find ourselves packed ever more tightly. Like the peasants of Brazil, more and more of us are compressed onto less and less of the land. Like the peasants of Brazil, we do not own or control the land, and so we have no choice: 70% of the people live on 1% of the land in America, and the concentration is growing worse.

Why does the government limit production in a world of hungry people, even when some of those people live in our own country? Said a top official in the Department of Agriculture (as quoted in Hunger U.S.A.), "It is true that there may be a greater need for food in some countries, but there is not necessarily a market for such food."

Translation: In America, food is grown for profit, not to feed people.

Remember the list of "overpopulated" countries, a list composed of hungry people on four continents? There are several countries that would have been on that list 25 years ago, but aren't there now. They are China, Cuba, North Vietnam and North Korea. Over a fifth of the world's people live in these nations. All have had socialist revolutions within the last 25 years.

The people there are no longer starving.

The two billion hungry people of the world live in areas that were colonized by the Western countries and are still closely bound to them, or live within the Western countries themselves. Hunger is a "Free World" phenomenon.

The situation is the same all over the Third World. While landless people starve, the immense plantations and foreign-owned estates occupy the most fertile land and produce only one or two cash-crops for export.

Land that could produce basic foods goes to grow cotton and tea in India, coffee and cotton in Guatemala, bananas and coffee in Honduras, rubber in Indonesia, sugar, coffee and cotton in Mexico. . . the list could go on and on.

San Jose may not have millions of people or cars, but it does have companies like Owens-Corning Fiberglass. One of their factories, just outside the city, got so bad that the local citizens hired their own investigators after the smog control authorities kept pooh-poohing the threat. Soon enough, they learned that the one plant, operating 24 hours a day, spews a more deadly exhaust than a million new cars! Eight tons of filth-saturated exhaust every minute. The plume from the smokestack, photographs revealed, drifts fifty miles and blankets all of San Jose, covering an area of 126 square miles.

Fact: General Motors products net the company over \$1.7 billion in clear profit every year, but they also account for 35% of the air pollution tonnage in the U.S. Yet GM spends less than \$40 million a year (equivalent to 2% of its profits) on cleaner engine research, as compared to \$600 million for style changes and \$300 million for advertising (together, equivalent to over 50% of its profits). Moreover, auto companies buy up and suppress patents and designs that could lead to cleaner transportation (such as the Lear steam car, bought by GM last year and quietly shelved).

Fact: The American auto industry designs its cars to last about three years. As a result over 12 million cars are junked every year, creating a tremendous disposal and dumping problem, the cost of which is borne by you and me.



The same President Nixon who told 100 million Americans about his concern for our environment is pushing the controversial "supertransport" SST, a commercial airliner that will fly faster than the speed of sound. He wants to spend \$700 million giving airplane companies like Boeing the money to develop it.

Have you ever lived by an airport? With all the noise, it's a lousy place to live. The SST, trailing thunderous sonic booms, will bring the sounds of airport violence to over 60 million Americans.

Even worse, many scientists fear that the high-flying SST will leave smoke and dirt in the upper atmosphere, where it will remain indefinitely and change the chemistry of the air. Such pollution, they believe, could have tremendously harmful effects, ranging from blotting out sunlight to letting through deadly ultra-violet rays that would bombard the earth.

Very few of us will ever be able to afford a ride on the SST. Fares will be several times higher than on regular jets. Who finds it so important that such a destructive and limited aircraft be built? Business executives, for one. They want to be able to cut a few hours flying time off their intercontinental flights. TWA and Pan Am and United like it: it means more business. Boeing and General Dynamics like it: it means a nice, safe government contract on which they can't possibly lose money.

The January 18, 1970, edition of the Los Angeles Times carried a short article which demonstrates rather clearly how a businessman's government responds to pollution problems. It pointed out that after the Santa Barbara oil-drilling disaster, Nixon and Hickel appointed a special panel to decide whether or not drilling should be continued in the area. After "long and careful study," this panel decided that Union Oil and the other companies in the channel should resume drilling.

At least five of the eleven members of that panel, observed the Times, were working for Union Oil or its partners in the channel! In addition, the paper observed that most of the others also had dealings with the oil industry, such as contracts, or running universities that received large donations from oil companies.

Among California's worst problems is massive pollution of seashores and coastal waters from off-shore oil drilling. If big oil companies had to pay for the messes they make, they might be a little more careful about mucking over our land and water. So that is what the state attorney general, Charles O'Brien, set out to do after the big Union Oil blow-out. But when he tried to help citizens sue the oil companies, he found that the very state agencies set up to protect the people against industries were the strongest supporters of the oil companies.

But then, it was becoming difficult to cover up. Especially when one of the directors of the state agency most responsible for controlling pollution in the Santa Barbara channel happened to be a Union Oil executive.

So O'Brien turned to the experts in the state universities. Men who, for the most part, drew their salaries from the taxpayers. The response of these professors was rather interesting.

"The university experts," said Mr. O'Brien, "all seem to be working on grants from the oil industry. There is an atmosphere of fear. The experts are afraid that if they assist in our case on behalf of the people of California, they will lose their oil industry grants."

Does that sound far-fetched? Wilbur H. Somerton, a professor of oil engineering, admitted that he wouldn't testify "because my work depends on good relations with the oil industry. My interest is serving the petroleum industry."

What kind of ecology-minded people give policy advice about air pollution to Jud Callaghan and the BAAPCD (Bay Area Air Pollution Control District)?

One man works for Standard Oil. Another works for Dow Chemical. A third draws paychecks from the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, one of the major air polluters and landholders in the area. Three of the "advisors" are actually paid consultants for the Bay Area League of Industrial Associations, an organization put together by big companies like Standard Oil and PG&E to apply "friendly pressure" on public officials and tell the public what a great job industry does.

Oil companies come out with big ads showing how their "special additive" gasolines make car exhaust so clean that a balloon can be filled with exhaust and remain nearly transparent. This is supposed to mean it's no longer dangerous pollution. A better test would be to stick an oil company executive in the balloon along with the fumes for a few minutes, or pump that exhaust through the company board room while a meeting is in session.

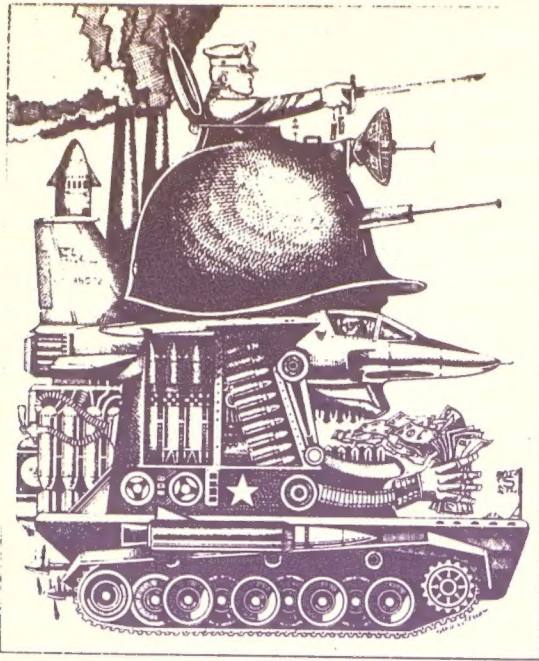
The federal and state governments give big tax breaks to corporations for their pollution-control expenses. For every million dollars companies spend, they get back over \$700,000. The public pays 70% of their costs. Their break is our burden.

People use less than 1/7 of all the water consumed in America: Sewage, the waste that humans put into water, can be removed. The oil, acid, ammonia, dissolved metal and pesticides from industry and agribusiness in most cases cannot be removed.

The no-deposit, non-returnable cans and bottles are hard to get rid of. They pile up on the scrap heaps—over 100 billion a year—and actually cost us a lot more money than the old returnable types. Each one costs you an extra 30¢ in taxes for disposal, a tab the manufacturer never mentions. That's one reason they started making non-returnable containers in the first place: to slip us the bill for getting rid of them.

Our economy is like a person built leaning forward who must keep running ahead or he will fall over. Businesses can't keep making and selling the same things all the time because people would soon have most of the products they need, and demand would fall off. Which means profits would fall. Then workers get laid off, plants shut down, and you've got a recession or depression. Which makes profits drop more.





# third world

To too many of us Asia, Africa, and Latin America are simply three color drawings on a map of the world. But most of humanity calls those lands home. Homes where they try to work, love, and build—and learn and grow. And it's hard. Mostly they have to try hard just to survive. Not because their land is infertile. Not because they're 'lazy' or 'stupid'. Far from it—you and I would be hard pressed to do the amount of work or be aware enough of our surroundings to survive in the Third World. The real reason is the the U.S. Government, the super-rich industrialists and their military octopus have a foot on their necks.

You've heard all about that before. 'Imperialism'. Well, take the quotation marks away from it for a minute and consider it. Cause it's real.

Here's an example: Most of the gold mined in the 'free' world, the African Research Group reports, comes from South Africa (now considered one of the most stable countries for investment). Companies there pay workers less than .31 a day, while gold is still selling at \$32.00 an ounce or sometimes higher. In the first half of 1970, gold mining stocks as a group went up 32.8%—while most other stocks were losing ground. The biggest gainer was American—South African Investment Company (up 57.3%).

Charles Englehard, a personal friend of LBJ, directs the company. When the South African economy suffered a severe crisis after 69 people were killed in the Sharpeville Massacre of 1960, Charlie-boy quickly organized a new \$30 billion investment portfolio to bolster it up, earning commendation from then Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd. Since then, American-South African has found apartheid an increasingly profitable area for investment.

Vietnam. Tin. Tungsten. Rubber. And a Saigon labor code that legislates a maximum wage of \$1.40 a day.

And it's the same where ever you look—people living in squalor while huge profits are scraped out of the innards of their countries.

What is going on in response is a worldwide rebellion, which we don't get to hear too much about. There are dozens of countries with full scale guerrilla movements that have earned the support of the bulk of the people and which wield actual control over a growing network of liberated territories. Liberated Laos, for example, is two thirds of the national territories—or about as big as North Vietnam. The U.S. is now bombing Laos more than six times as heavily as it ever bombed North Vietnam (44,000 tons of bombs every month). In 1967, the peak year of the air war, U.S. fighter planes averaged a little more than 3,000 sorties per month over North Vietnam (a sortie is one bombing run by one plane.) in Laos there are at least 20,000 sorties per month. What this has done is increase people's resistance and heightened their hatred of the U.S.. The liberated zones have expanded but there have also been gruesome results of the bombing—such as hundreds of thousands of peasants driven from their homes into refugee concentration camps run by the puppet government. People in Chile elected a Marxist President September 4th—a man named Salvador Allende who has vowed to socialize the U.S. copper companies like Anaconda and the big national monopolies.

Since he didn't receive a majority (it was a three way race) Chile's Congress is meeting on October 24th to decide the final outcome. Given the history of bourgeois elections, Latin American politics and the ever present military that lurks in wait, it is safe to assume that if the coalition of leftist parties backing Allende takes power, something more than elections will have to be involved. Allende is talking more and more about 'organizing and mobilizing' the people.

The events in these countries should concern us very much—both because of the justice of their cause and also our realization that we are all fighting the same enemy—that every blow against the American government abroad weakens it here at home too. The folks who run the government know it too—that is why they are freaking out so much over being unable to win in Indochina War—that's the reason for the senseless and maniacal saturation bombings of Laos. That's the reason that the courts have just ruled that Army Base Commanders can legally prevent the circulation of 'UNDERGROUND' material among soldiers.

"The United States," Huey Newton said in his statement offering troops to fight with the NLF in Vietnam, "has acted in a very chauvinistic manner and lost its claim to nationalism. The United States is an empire which has raped the world to build its wealth here. . . and inasmuch as they have exploited the world to accumulate wealth this country belongs to the world." The Panthers are offering to send troops to aid the South Vietnamese in "the spirit of revolutionary internationalism which is interested in the freedom of the people of any territory where the crack of the oppressor's whip may be heard."

Internationalism means a real concern with the struggles of your brothers and sisters abroad. A consciousness of trying to aid them in material ways, by hitting instruments of their oppression, such as the military apparatus (the draft, such things as tanks as the Army Math Research Center, etc), educating people about the real situation in the Third World, and learning to apply the lessons of their experiences and example to the struggle in the heart of the beast. The Seed in many ways, has been derelict in what really is its duty to carry international news. Hopefully in the weeks and months to come, this will be rectified.

—Bernie Farber

● As we go to press, Jordan is being engulfed in a civil war between military supporters of King Hussein and guerrilla forces interested in the liberation of Palestine. Syria and Iraq, it is very possible, might enter the field on the side of the guerrillas. And the good old U.S. of A. is getting ready to send its troops to save the King



# other world

Dr. Timothy Leary, world renowned authority on psycho-drugs and one of the "founding fathers" of the "subculture," has split California Men's Colony West, a minimum security prison near San Luis Obispo, where he was serving a ten-year sentence for possession of two joints. Apparently, he got tired of hallucinating off the same four walls and decided to take a walk. The only

real hassle was sealing a twelve foot chain link fence topped off with barbed wire; but, there, right outside the door, was California 1, called the "hippie highway," a main hitchhikers' thoroughfare heading toward Big Sur. Dr. Leary's prison garb was found in a service station restroom on U.S. 101 a few hours later.

At the same time, Tim's attorney, Michael B. Standard, was preparing Leary's latest appeal of his Federal conviction, due Sept. 30 in U.S. Court of Appeals, for the fifth circuit in New Orleans.

Leary was thought to have an "accomplice" in his escape. On Sept. 16 UPI received a special delivery letter which appears to have been written by Weatherman Bernadine Dohrn, stating they had helped Leary escape. There was also a letter attributed to Leary which stated "Resist actively. . . sabotage, jam the computer. . . hijack planes. . . smash every lethal machine in the world." Supporters were asked to "shoot to live. . . to shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act."

Tim was busted, along with his wife, Rosemary, and his stepson, John, at Laguna Beach in Dec. of 1968. Rosemary got off on five years probation; John got three months on the same charges.

Tim was also sentenced to ten years in Houston, Texas for smuggling grass across the Mexican border, and was denied bail in both Texas and California. Texas judge MacMillan claimed he was a "menace to society" when refusing bail, but recently reconsidered and set bail at \$25,000 rather than go thru the hassle of a Federally ordered hearing on his denial.

Dr. Leary also faced misdemeanor charges for busts in Millbrook, N.Y. formerly the home of his League for Spiritual Discovery, as well as the Merry Pranksters Ashram and the Neo-American Church of Arthur J. Kleps. Kleps, as well as some others, felt that some of Leary's bungles were not befitting a man of his intelligence. Kleps even said, "Leary should be put away for thirty years for allowing his daughter to carry grass across the border." Apparently Leary's attitude towards his children was more brotherly than fatherly. Can you imagine smoking dope and tripping with your parents? Sounds right on to me.

Since Leary's convictions, a group called "Holding It Together" have been trying to help get the bread together to spring him, but have had little success due to being understaffed and inexperienced in political organizing. Tim himself had little to gain political backing; his was mainly a spiritual quest—the Don Quixote of the New Society.

Tim was a psychology professor at Harvard when he began experimenting with LSD in the early sixties. His books on psycho-drugs include *The Psychedelic Experience*, taken from his LSD experiments and *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, and *The Politics of Ecstasy*, which remains one of the best books available on drugs and consciousness. These books, plus his other writings, were among the first to put psychedelia into the national limelight.

Today, it sounds like Leary's consciousness is going through changes. While he was in jail, one kept expecting a Gandhi-esque hunger strike or other transcendental act, but now he's escaped—a free man. Right on, Tim!

—David



# 6 LONNIE McLUCAS Political Prisoner

Waiting inside the New Haven courthouse for the verdict which would decide the fate of Lonnie McLucas was like being trapped in a mausoleum for six days. Marble columns became backrests, marble steps became beds, and marble slabs became prison walls. It was impossible to tell what time it was or to distinguish the days.

Lonnie faced 120 years in jail, or the death penalty, if convicted of all four charges: kidnapping, conspiracy to kidnap, binding with criminal intent, and conspiracy to murder.

The jury took six seemingly endless days of deliberation to come to a verdict.

As Lonnie's supporters kept vigil going inside and outside New Haven Superior Court, the jury came in no fewer than four times to hear the judge's instructions read again. The judge had defined conspiracy so broadly and so vaguely that it would be hard to find anyone innocent of that charge. He told the jury that circumstantial evidence was quite all right, that Lonnie's pre-trial statements "were inconsistent with his plea of innocence," and that Lonnie's claim of acting under the duress of (police agent) George Sams should not be taken seriously.

To top it all off, the judge summarized the prosecutions case in detail, but refused to do the same for the defense. Even establishment reporters agreed afterwards that the charge gave the jury little choice but to convict Lonnie on all four counts.

Inside the courtroom, deliberations were reaching a climax. The jury came back with a simple note: Your Honor, we are in disagreement. Please advise."

Lonnie's lawyer, Theodore Koskoff, moved immediately for a mistrial on the grounds that the State had not sustained its burden of proof.

But Judge Mulvey was not about to let months of injustice slip by without a verdict. He read the jury what is known as the Chip Smith or "dynamite" charge. It basically pressures the minority on the jury to go along with the majority.

(The Chip Smith Charge, of 1881, sent the defendant, Chip Smith, to the gallows. Its Constitutionality is being tested.)

Koskoff objected to this charge as an invasion of the jurors' power and as "an invitation to a deal in the jury room, "especially since there are multiple charges against Lonnie.

Nevertheless, the jury was sent out again. After hearing the "dynamite" charge it must have seemed to them that they would be held captive in the jury room until they came out with some verdict.

The jury came back on Monday, August 31, with their verdict. It was clear that the black machine operator and the woman bartender, who had appeared to be on Lonnie's side, were troubled. The court went through all the pomp of a verdict — roll call, "What do you say, Mr. Foreman?" and so on.

Then it began. "Kidnapping resulting in death" (a capital offense) — Not Guilty.

Lonnie, standing and facing the jury, grabbed the hand of his lawyer and waited for the next charge.

Conspiracy to kidnap (possible 30 year sentence) — Not Guilty.

Then it came: "Conspiracy to murder, what is your verdict?" "Guilty, your Honor."

Gasps from the spectators. A jolt running through Lonnie's body, and agonized waiting for the final charge-binding, which carries a 50 year penalty.

"Not Guilty, your Honor."

Then, while everyone was trying to understand what had happened, the judge was thanking the jury and setting September 18th for Lonnie's sentencing (maximum penalty, 15 years in jail).

Did the jury, mostly white, middle class, middle-aged, despite the blatant collaboration of the prosecution and the judge, despite the flaming headlines in the pig press, headlines which convicted Lonnie before he ever went on trial, want to completely acquit the Black Panther and put him back free, on the streets? Did the jury finally compromise because they were afraid they'd be kept sequestered until they did? Did they know that "conspiracy to murder" was the lightest of the charges?



The burst of questions on the New Haven Green when the verdict came down were momentarily stilled when the spirited crowd marches through downtown New Haven, demanding that all political prisoners be freed.

Lonnie still faces first degree murder charges in another county for the same incident. His lawyers will appeal this charge as double jeopardy. They also plan to appeal Lonnie's conviction. The other members of the New Haven 9, including Bobby Seale, must stand trial this fall and winter with Lonnie's conspiracy conviction on the books. And Lonnie, in the meantime, will remain in jail.

So, in the words of the Chip Smith Charge, the "doubt in the mind" of a "dissenting juror" was "a reasonable one" after all — the government must be gnashing its teeth because all the machinery it put into motion wasn't enough to send Lonnie McLucas to his death.

John Bancroft —LNS—

New York (LNS)—The Panthers are on trial again, this time in New York. Thirteen women and men—originally the Panther 21—face charges of conspiring to blow up department stores and the Botanical Gardens. Indicted and jailed on high ransom in April of 1969, their jury is just now being selected, and over half of the defendants are still not out on bail.

(Only 13 are now on trial because of the 21 originally indicted, two were "youthful offenders" who will be tried later; one man's case was severed because of illness; two men are serving time for another charge in New Jersey; and three of those indicted were never apprehended.)

Attorney Gerald Lefcourt made the motion once again that Judge Murtagh disqualify himself. He brought up the fact that the Judge, aside from being grossly prejudiced against the Panthers, had been charged by a Brooklyn Grand Jury with "wilful and unlawful neglect of duty" for failing to act against corrupt cops when he was the city's investigation Commissioner. District Attorney Frank Hogan, who "prosecuted" Murtagh in that case, is the same man who selected Murtagh as the Panther 21 trial judge.

Murtagh, unabashed by Lefcourt's disclosures warned him to shut up: "Your conduct is bordering on extreme contempt of court. If you continue, it is with the full awareness of what you do." And then he denied Lefcourt's motion.

Other Panther lawyers made a motion that the 13 could not possibly receive a fair trial due to flagrantly biased media coverage. Denouncing the slander and vilification that the Panthers have received in the pig-press, Attorney Sanford Katz said that "infection spreads. . . it is insidious. . . and it can't be cured except by dismissal of the indictment." Motion denied.

## LIBERATION III

(Milwaukee, Wis.)—On September 21, after a year behind bars, Booker Collins, Jesse White and Earl Leverette—Milwaukee Black Panthers—finally come to trial on a trumped-up charge of attempting to murder a cop. They could get 30 years.

During the first week of the attempted murder trial, while a jury is being loaded, young people from all over the country will stream into Milwaukee for a mammoth political/cultural response, LIBERATION III, the weekend of September 26-28.

Co-incidentally, it seems that Spiro What's-his-face will be coming to Milwaukee Friday the 25th.

We will liberate Milwaukee for at least 3 days. Three days of high-energy raps, workshops, guerrilla theatre and nightly rock bands, culminating in a march and rally outside the court-house addressed by Bobby Rush and Tom Hayden.

LIBERATION III will happen mainly in the parks on the shore of Lake Michigan—a life-gathering of community people, students, stone grease, long-hairs and black freedom fighters, of a hundred revolutionary styles. The entire free community of Milwaukee is organizing to provide housing and legal aid, to make food available at a minimum cost.

The case of Huey P. Newton shows that we can free the 3—or put so much heat on the Milwaukee power structure with publicity that the judge will be forced to give them token sentences. To support them without jeopardizing their trial, we are calling for a mass, militant, legal action Sept. 26-28. We are negotiating for permits, the outcome looks good.

Any community which tries to break out of the straight-jacket regimentation and exploitation of the fascist warmachine, is vamped on. Any community—black, Chicano, poor white or youth—which tries to build its own life and identity, will be diverted and controlled by the PIG while the real fighters for the community, like the Black Panthers, are selectively wiped out.

Likewise in Milwaukee Randy Anderson, revolutionary brother of the youth community, was murdered by the pigs here July 17th. We have come to see that the freedom struggles of young people, black people, and all others are the same. Repression is worst in the black community, because of the leading role of black people in the revolution here. But the PIG is the same in all communities. It's time to off the PIG.

Nobody can do it alone. LIBERATION III will be a chance to get together, to take down some of the barriers that have separated our struggles.

For further information write

Milwaukee Liberation Front  
P.O. Box 5457  
Milwaukee, Wis. 53211  
271-1250

or  
2118 W. Wells St.  
Milwaukee, Wis.  
933-2203





*All right, you radicals want to tear this system down. But what are you going to replace it with? —Anonymous*

The System. Law. The Constitution. Protecting the rights of each individual...

The scene is Philadelphia. Time: late summer, 1970. Police Commissioner Frank L. Rizzo, known as the nation's "toughest" cop stages a raid on the local offices of the Black Panther Party. And people are strip searched in the street. The picture in the newspaper tells the story.

It was an appropriate prelude to the opening of the Revolutionary People's Constitutional Convention, designed to put together a concrete vision of a revolutionary America. If anybody still needed to be convinced that Constitutional rights were actually privileges denied to most of the people, the storm trooper tactics of Rizzo's raiders should have opened their eyes. Black people have always known this. Most poor people have. Southern whites in Uptown know that you don't hang out on the street corner or the man will bust you. The "promise" of democracy seems pretty hollow to a small child with an empty belly, a teenager who can't get a job or is stuck in a prison-like high school, to a family stuck in an overcrowded, unhealthy slum building, pushed out of Lincoln Park by Urban Renewal...to the thousands who die each year of curable diseases because they can't afford medical treatment.

And how obvious it has become. The last few years of living in Amerika provided a spectacle that for some of us was hard to believe. Gross and blatant. The chaining and shackling and gaging of Bobby Seale in a courtroom--kicked in the groin and shoved into a tiny cell reeking of shit because he tried to defend himself. The undeclared war in Vietnam. The intensified spying and invasion of privacy--thousands of phones are tapped, bugs are placed in people's homes, agents are sent into political organizations to provoke dissension and get people into trouble. Here in Chicago, even many members of the "liberal" press agree that Fred Hampton was murdered in his bed by police while he slept, yet the killers still walk the streets--and, you can rest assured, they will strike again. Random raids are made on houses in Hyde Park to find dope. Students gunned down at Kent & Jackson State. Dozens of trials begin all over the country, as the government decides to make an example of those who dare to dissent.

And the reaction from the people is...in many ways startling. There is now a underground (small, but it does exist)--fewer people are hanging around to catch "justice" in the courts--everybody from Angela Davis to Tim Leary values freedom enough to take the risk of turning their backs and walking away. The bombings are becoming a common occurrence. Three black brothers in California commit what Huey Newton called an act of "revolutionary suicide" in attempting to kidnap a judge. The discontent is broad and reaches everywhere: from the school yards with their busted windows and walk-outs, to the growing spirit of mutiny in the armed forces, to the burgeoning women's movement, wildcat strikes like the Postal workers had, to...Well, you name it. People are dissatisfied with their lot in life, they're tired of being pushed around and shit on. And they're getting desperate, ready and willing to act, even to die to get the man's foot off their back.



People's faith in the system is being shattered. They know it doesn't work--doesn't serve human needs--is based on greed, and is ravishing the earth's air and water and land in addition to enslaving people.

*But what else is there?*

So the Black Panther Party decided to hold a conference.

But don't stop reading here, because it was a little bit different from the way they usually are. What happened was that ten to twenty thousand people, mostly black and young, came to the North Philadelphia ghetto community over Labor Day weekend for the plenary session of a convention designed to draw up a whole new set of rules--a whole new Constitution that would be for real--that would be for all the people rather than a rich few, and that would deal with the reality of Amerika as a world empire that presently messes over most of the people in the world.

# We the People

## WHAT'S YOUR PROGRAM?:

*These are just some of the ideas brought out by the workshops at the Philadelphia convention. Come to Washington, D.C. November 4 to take part in the process of drawing up a new Constitution. Watch upcoming Seeds for more details!*

*Political power brought down to communities, autonomous local forms replacing states and cities.*

*Oppressed national minorities guaranteed the right to integrate, segregate, or do whatever they want to do.*

*Total equality for women, equal participation, full education, 24 hour child care facilities universally available.*

*Full freedom of sexual expression, an educational system that treats sex openly and in which no sexual preferences are pushed. Education that fights racism, male chauvinism and heterosexual chauvinism.*

*A people's militia, end of the standing army, dismantling of genocidal weapons, no more than 10% of the budget spent on the military and a prohibition against American military forces fighting overseas. Half of the militia will be women.*

*No national, secret or plainclothes police. Police to live in and be controlled by the community they work in, and to rotate out of that responsibility at set intervals.*

*No enforced state curriculums, student control of school governments and newspapers, community control of universal education.*

*Children are not to be considered property.*

*Land and natural resources will belong to all the people.*

*Freedom from hunger. The right to a decent home. Decentralized agriculture, minimization of the use of chemical fertilizers and insecticides.*

*A workshop endorsed grass, acid and mescaline as helpful in building people's consciousness and condemned speed and heroin.*

It was a conference, from all reports, at which people actually talked, argued, discussed. Honestly confronted each other with their hopes and dreams and fears for the future.

The first session heard Michael Tabor, one of the New York Panther 21, relate the oppressed people's side of the school taught myths of U.S. history--"all men are created equal"--meaning that blacks and women were not even considered people. The present Constitution was drawn up by slaveowners and landowners to reflect and serve their own needs. The dire crimes of slavery--the ultimate injustice of treating other human beings as property, was never redressed--instead it has festered like a sore. The legal forms may be different, but present day racist exploitation certainly doesn't constitute emancipation for black people--it just means that massa no longer has to feed the slave when he or she gets too old to work.

Huey Newton talked about the need for a socialist revolution--and the right of people to rebel and build their own new world. But one group of oppressed people, women, were disappointed with his presentation, which just about ignored their existence, using the terms "man" and "manhood" rather than "people" or "humanity."

Thousands gathered outside the packed hall to hear Huey, just recently sprung from jail, repeat the Black Panther Party demands of freedom and power, full employment, an end to exploitation, decent housing, true education, exemption from military service, an end to police brutality, freedom for political prisoners, fair trials by juries of peers and a UN plebiscite to "determine the will of black people as to their national destiny."

Lots of people got high off the fact that Huey was free and with them.

But it wasn't just a bunch of speeches from a podium.

The conference divided up into a dozen workshops on such questions as self-determination for third world people, women, street people, workers, rights of children, rights of homosexuals, control of the educational, economic and political system. Control of the land, protection of natural resources, drugs, control of the legal system...

These workshops, some with as many as 500 people in them, shattered the notion that people are just out to smash things mindlessly, programless, unable to get together on goals. Each workshop delivered a report, which will be used in drawing up a complete new Constitution in the next session of the Convention, which will meet in Washington, D.C. November 4 (election day). People are trying to arrange a live television hook-up to a theatre in Chicago and several other cities.

Everyone who went to Philadelphia came back with a feeling of excitement--that there was a new spirit moving in the land. "There is going to be a revolution in America," Donald Freed wrote in the L'A Free Press, "It is going to begin, in earnest, in our time...To have believed (that) before Philadelphia was an act of historical and existential faith; not to believe in a new world after Philadelphia is a dereliction of the human spirit."

--Bernie Farber





The following was originally an internal letter from Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense to the other brothers of the Black Panther Party.

OAKLAND (LNS)—During the past few years, strong movements have developed among women and homosexuals seeking their liberation. There has been some uncertainty about how to relate to these movements.

Whatever your personal opinion and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals and women (and I speak of the homosexuals and women as oppressed groups) we should try to unite with them in a revolutionary fashion.

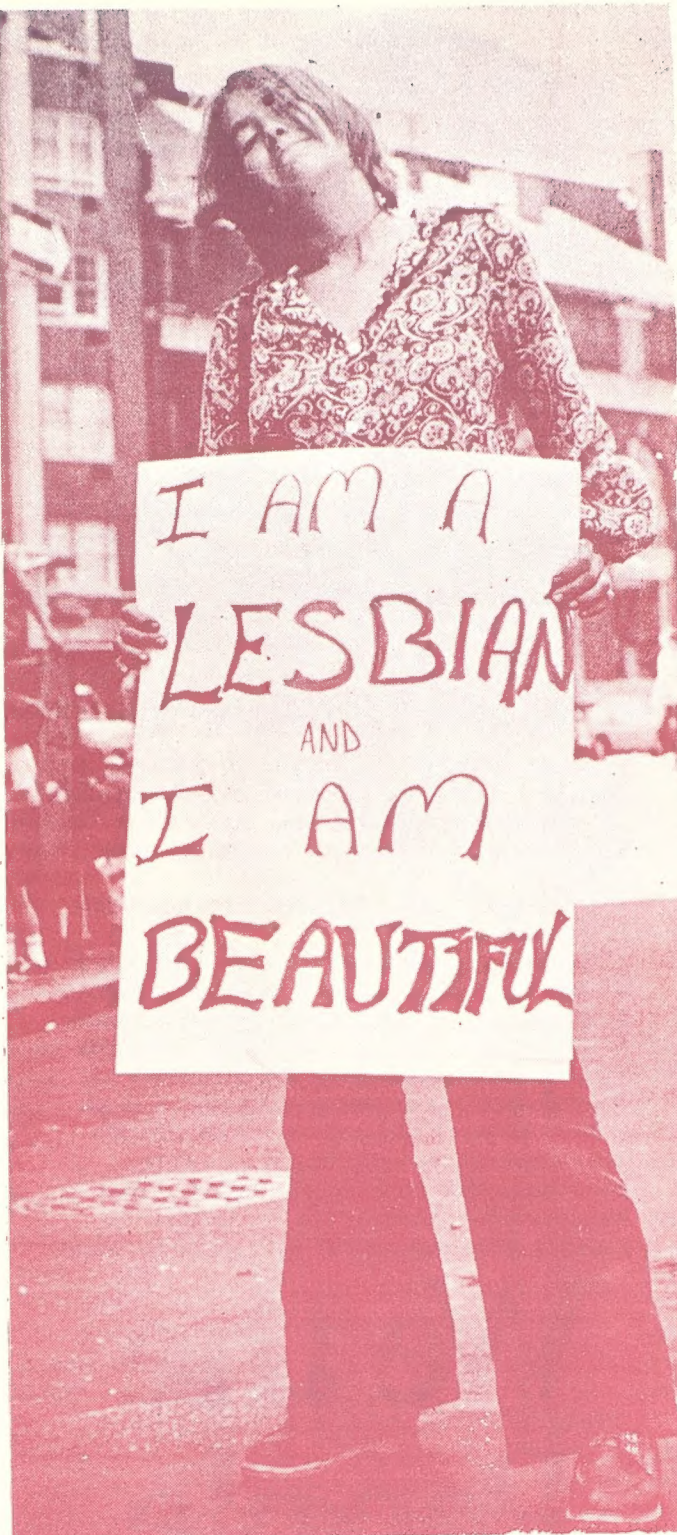
I say, "whatever your insecurities are" because, as we very well know, sometimes our first instinct is to want to hit a homosexual in the mouth and to want a woman to be quiet. We want to hit the homosexual in the mouth as soon as we see him because we're afraid we might be homosexual and want to hit the woman or shut her up because she might castrate us or take the nuts that we may not have to start with.

We must gain security in ourselves and therefore have respect and feelings for all oppressed people. We must not use the racist-type attitudes like the white racists use against people because they are black and poor. Many times the poorest white person is the most racist because he's afraid that he might lose something or discover something that he doesn't have. You're some kind of threat to him. This kind of psychology is in operation when we view oppressed people and we're angry with them because of their particular kind of behavior or their particular kind of deviation from the established norm.

Remember we haven't established a revolutionary value system; we're only in the process of establishing it. I don't remember us ever constituting any value that said that a revolutionary must say offensive things towards homosexuals or that a revolutionary should make sure that women do not speak out about their own particular kind of oppression.

Matter of fact, it's just the opposite, we say that we recognize the woman's right to be free. We haven't said much about the homosexual at all and we must relate to the homosexual movement because it is a real movement. And I know through reading and through my life experience, my observation, that homosexuals are not given freedom and liberty by anyone in this society. Maybe they might be the most oppressed people in the society.

What made them homosexuals? Perhaps it's a whole phenomena that I don't understand entirely. Some people say that it's the decadence of capitalism—I don't know whether this is the case, I rather doubt it. But whatever the case is, we know that homosexuality is a fact that exists and we must understand it in its purest form; that is, a person should have freedom to use his body whatever way he wants to.



That's not endorsing things in homosexuality that we wouldn't view as revolutionary. But there is nothing to say that a homosexual can not also be a revolutionary. And maybe I'm now injecting some of my prejudice by

saying, "even a homosexual can be a revolutionary." Quite the contrary, maybe a homosexual could be the most revolutionary.

When we have revolutionary conferences, rallies and demonstrations, there should be full participation of the Gay Liberation Movement and the Women's Liberation Movement. Some groups might be more revolutionary than others. We shouldn't use the actions of a few to say that they're all reactionary or counterrevolutionary because they're not.

We should deal with factions just as we deal with any other group or party that claims to be revolutionary. We should try to judge somehow whether they're operating sincerely in a revolutionary fashion from a really oppressed situation (and we'll grant that if they're women they're probably oppressed). If they do things that are unrevolutionary or counterrevolutionary, then criticize that action. If we feel that the group in spirit means to be revolutionary in practice but they make mistakes in interpretation of the revolutionary philosophy or they don't understand the dialectics of the social forces in operation, we should criticize that and not criticize them because they are women trying to be free. And the same is true for homosexuals.

We should never say a whole movement is dishonest when in fact they are trying to be honest; they're just making honest mistakes. The enemy is not allowed to make mistakes because his whole existence is a mistake and we suffer from it. But the Women's Liberation Front and Gay Liberation Front are our friends, they are our potential allies and we need as many allies as possible.

We should be willing to discuss the insecurities that many people have about homosexuality. When I say "insecurities" I mean the fear that there is some kind of threat to our manhood. I can understand this fear. Because of the long conditioning process that builds insecurity in the American male, homosexuality might produce certain hang-ups in us. I have hang-ups myself about male homosexuality where on the other hand I have no hang-ups about female homosexuality and that's a phenomenon in itself. I think it's probably because that's a threat to me maybe, and the females are no threat. It's just another erotic sexual thing.

We should be careful about using terms which might turn our friends off. The terms "faggot" and "punk" should be deleted from our vocabulary and especially we should not attach names normally designed for homosexuals to men who are enemies of the people such as Nixon or Mitchell. Homosexuals are not enemies of the people.

We should try to form a working coalition with the Gay Liberation and Women's Liberation Groups. We must always handle social forces in an appropriate manner and this is really a significant part of the population—both women and the growing number of homosexuals that we have to deal with.

HUEY

The Mifflin Street area of Madison consists of a bunch of communes and the Mifflin Street co-op. It's the kind of community we in Chicago give lip service to: a center of visible answers to rip-off stores, police brutality and people controlling the lives of other people. From the Whole Earth Store to the affinity groups that fought in the streets last year, Mifflin is both right on and far out.

The bombing of the Army Math Research Center, in which one person was accidentally killed, has brought the heat down on the entire Madison radical/freak population. Mark Knopfs, editor of Madison Kaleidoscope, was sentenced to six months in jail after refusing to say where he got the bombing statement run in the last issue of his paper and this one. Kaleidoscope's headquarters—the rear of the Electric Eye headshop—was firebombed; while damage was light, an insurance company schitzout has resulted in 'Scope's eviction. And finally the heart of Mifflin Street has come under attack.

A release from the Mifflin Street people sums up the situation: "The underground here bombed a building of national importance; we living aboveground, have tried to defend the bombing by educating people to the importance and relevancy of this act. Because of this we have been subject to threats of fascism," from an opportunist slumlord and number of reactionary bikers.

Four houses and the People's Park once belonged to a landlord named Lucey. Since he is running for governor, and since his backing of the community during the youth riots last year (for fear that people would vent their rage on his property) cost him political points, he decided to unload the houses. Bandy, the buyer, promised the community that he would not raise rent and that he had no other plans for the property. Suspicious of the sale, the community decided that their only security lay in a collective lease. Their distrust was borne out two weeks later, when it became known that Bandy planned to re-

place everything with high-rises. And, because he needed capital for his plan, he announced that all rents would be immediately doubled.

Enter the bikers; more precisely, a faction of the C.C. Riders, headed up by two brothers named Smith. They became a goon squad in support of Bandy. There were near-confrontations. Bandy broke into several apartments to serve illegal eviction notices and rough up a few tenants. Bob Smith drove down Mifflin Street in a police car. The Co-op was trashed.

It was not known at the time, but Bandy was desperate. He had over-extended his slum holdings (one of his partners is a former city councilman), and needed \$1500 a month just to break even. The refusal of four houses to pay rent until further negotiations over the future of the community went down put him up against the bank wall.

Bandy's response was to escalate. The biker faction began carrying guns in the street. Bob Smith stated that he would use (irony) "any means necessary" to force people to sign or split. He announced that he wanted to burn down the whole community, and that the four houses were the best place to start.

When Bandy granted these bikers leases for the four houses, the community responded as one:

Hour-long meetings followed. We didn't want to defend property. We didn't want to risk our lives, and the lives of our brothers and sisters over a capitalist concept of ownership. . .

The strategy and tactics we decided on came after reaching these decisions: if it ever got to the point where we were defending only the houses, we would leave. As long as there was a threat to the community, to the territory we were creating, we would defend the community. The things that are happening in the community such as guerrilla theater, musician's co-op, people's office, the Co-op, People's Park, the street dances, the collectives, the whole group of people that were trying to create an alternate society, a product of hard

work and a lot of loving creativity. These things we felt strong enough to create; we had to become strong enough to defend them too.

We decided to institute an armed watch over the four houses and the Co-op, whenever they were under attack, because these were the symbols of the community. This is possibly the first time white radicals have ever picked up the gun to defend an ideology, in an upfront manner. We were, and are, scared shitless. Picking up a gun is a serious matter. Together we rapped down all the consequences of doing this. What we have done here will be done soon all over the country. Each individual is going to have to decide if he or she is willing to make the rhetoric come true, and fight for what they profess to believe.

We don't have time for bullshit ego trips; we don't have time for fuck-ups or more concretely, people tripping out on a false sense of strength that can come from using pieces; we don't have time for romantic trips about the Revolution because we see and feel the isolation into which we have been forced by events, and that the potential for destruction is near; we don't have time for men to give lip service to women's liberation—it has got to be there, and that demands a lot of effort from both sisters and brothers. . .

As the Seed goes to press, things have taken a turn for the better. Many of the C.C. Riders, sensitive to the real community that most young people share in Madison, have refused to support the Smiths, a position supported by several clubs in the Chicago area. The houses are intact. None of the communards have suffered anything worse than a few bruises from some thrown rocks. And Bandy, near bankruptcy, is on the verge of beggin Lucey or any other "respectable" landlord to buy out him and the Smiths.

This is not a solution, since private property is a deep contradiction in any free society. But it will prevent tragic violence, and it will buy time for the community to strengthen itself. You can express support by calling the Co-op at 608-255-7044.

— Robert LaFollette



# DO YOU HAVE AM CONSCIOUSNESS OR FM CONSCIOUSNESS?

AM RADIO—EVER WONDER  
WHY IT ALL SOUNDS THE SAME?

Everyone in AM radio—producers, sponsors, disk jockeys—is on the air to get MONEY. That's all. It doesn't matter what sort of mediocre garbage goes over the air, as long as it brings them a maximum return on their investment. It doesn't matter what listeners like, either—you have no choice but to passively consume whatever the AM people feel like selling you. Robot radio for robot people. (Sound like American Capitalism? You betcha.)

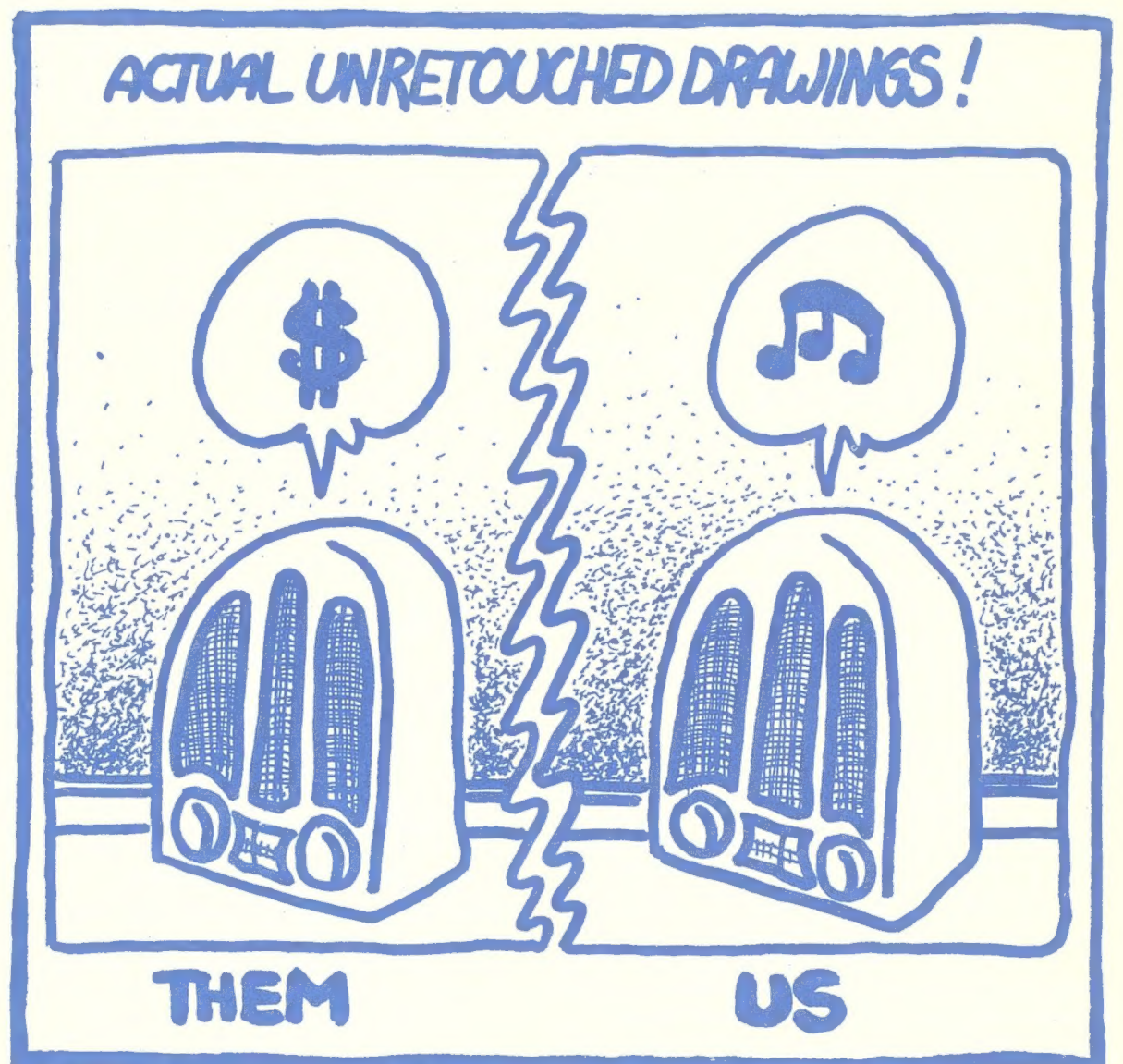
HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL ON  
105.1 FM!

FM radio people work in reverse—they have to get money to stay on the air. They use radio as an art form, as a more efficient way to let people know what's going on, as an organ that reflects and serves the needs of their community.

That's what Radio Free Chicago's all about. We're fifteen people trying to create a new type of radio: anti-profit, pro-community, consciousness-raising radio. We do a lot of different things. There's a women's collective which does the show two nights a week. A news collective to fill up the enormous gaps left by the straight news media. Rising Up Angry does a special once a week, and we've had specials on gay liberation and interviews with all sorts of other community people, too. If you have something to say, we'll have you on, too. After all, it's your show. We play a lot of music, too—more music, and more different kinds of music, than any other station anywhere—anything you want to hear. Just give us a call when we're on the air at 273-3330. Like we said, it's your show.

## RADIO FREE CHICAGO IT'S YOUR SHOW.

Midnight to 5AM every night on WEAW, 105.1 FM. We need your financial help. HELP!  
...and don't forget our sister show, TRIAD, 8PM to Midnight on WXFM, 106 FM.





# Free City

## Information & Help

**FREE CITY EXCHANGE**, the cornerstone of the Chicago Free Community, is in desperate trouble. They haven't got the bread to pay their phone bills, or the rent either, and the staff works for free. FCX's phone number is 281-7197, but there's a good chance there won't be anyone there if they don't get some bread and some together people fast. Call the Seed if you can help out in ANY way.

**KOOLAI** is a new southside center trying to coordinate straight agency services, push those agencies to provide the services they claim to offer, and plug people into referrals. The agencies range from Looking Glass and Cadre through radical therapists and churches to city-run offices. Call 664-0505 if you need medical treatment, legal services, draft counseling, someone to talk to during a bum trip, etc. The office is at 12 E. Walton, and is open from 1 PM to 2 AM through Thursday and 24 hours on weekends.

**Y.A.T.S.** — Youth Aid Telephone Service is around to give aid, information, or just rap. If you can use them or need the, call -775-2211 — nothing will be done without your consent. They will deal with runaways, bum trips, family and school problems, pregnancy, etc. If you need to rap about anything, call them. Any evening or night - 775-2211.

**THE DEPOT** is a southside (Hyde Park) center for runaways. They're good people who'll help you out and won't turn you in to the pigs. Call 955-9347.

**YOUTH AND COMMUNITY OUTREACH** of Palatine is at 37 North Plum Grove rd, Palatine. They have referrals on drugs, schooling, family problems, pregnancy, VD, pig hassles, crashing, jobs, legal and medical aid, etc. Open 24 hours a day — phone 358-6702.

**PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER** — 2154 N Halsted has information available on the Black Panther Party, the Young Lords, has Rising Up Angry and other Revolutionary papers and literature. 549-8626.

**FREE CITY AIRWAVES** is:

**RADIO FREE CHICAGO** is on every night from midnight to 5am on WEAW, 105fm, with a whole lot of good music, the planet knows news and some very strange goings on. Thursday and Friday the Suzy Creamcheese collective runs it. Call the station when they're on at 273-3330, or at the Seed during more normal hours.

**DO IT NEWS** on WGLD (102.7FM) every Monday through Saturday at 11AM. John Ryan gives the latest news and listings of current happenings in our community is on WXFm, 105.9, from 8pm to midnite Monday thru Friday with music and news. Listen.

**UNDERGROUND NEWS** on Channel 44, Monday thru Saturday, 11:50 to midnight. Get the news about your brothers and sisters on the tube while listening to music by Triad. Call Linda at 929-1200, 430 W. Grant Pl.

## Community

**ALICE'S REVISITED** is open every night except Monday now. Check the Seed Calendar for the schedule of events. Alice's is a political, social and cultural center for our community. They have information boards, space for just rapping, outtasite bands and movies, and good food and drink. More people are needed to help expand their programs (especially the children's show and the community library.) Donations are \$1 (50 cents for servicemen).

**GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH** at 555 West Belden holds free feeds every Wednesday at 6 pm, has some leads on housing and runaway vs parent problems. Call 549-1002.

**THE PEOPLE'S DIRECTORY** is currently being put together to coordinate skills and crafts in the Lincoln Park area. "The Directory is not advertising for already existing and available capitalistic enterprises, but a peoples information service." It will be published in both English and Spanish. Call 525-7748 and announce your skill or ability to help the project.

**PEOPLE'S PARK** at Armitage and Halsted needs loving care, along with playground equipment. Feel free to just go and work on it, or see the Young Lords for info.

**FREE CITY MUSIC** is being run by Euphoria Blimp Works to provide free music for our community. They have been driven out of the parks and have been ripped off once too often. Help them out, call 368-0140.

**FREE CITY CLOTHING** is now at Concerned Citizens Survival Front, 2512 North Lincoln, and the Free City Exchange, 2261 N Lincoln. If you need it, come and get it. If you got it, go and give it.

**FREE CITY FOOD** is into supplying free feeds for the community at our festivals and events. They need your help to continue, so give them a call at the Free City exchange. Donations of money, time, and food are most welcome.

**VISIT A CAPTIVE.** The Black Panther Party is starting a program to enable visits by families and friends to the prisoners being held in the many prisons and jails around the state. If you know of any church, school or organization that has transportation and can donate some time to the program contact the Black Panther Party. Rides can be arranged to St. Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, Joliet, the House, and others. For more info call the Black Panther Party or Rising Up Angry.

**FREE CITY PHOTOGRAPHY** has a complete b&w and color darkroom available. They'll teach. Call 251-7751 or go to Gate's House, corner of 11th and Wilmette.

**THE BOOKSTORE LTD** trades, buys and sells books, takes crafts and almost anything on consignment. Has access to industrial sewing machines for those who know how to sew and a highly potential market for individually styled clothes — bring your own materials or sew with ours on a consignment basis. 2478 North Lincoln Ave. 549-8814.

## Organizations

**THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER** of the **BLACK PANTHER PARTY** publishes a community bulletin, operates seven community centers, three breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment, office supplies, mimeos, paper, and cars. The office is at 2360 W. Madison, call 243-8276 for more information.

**CONCERNED CITIZENS SURVIVAL FRONT** is a leader in the struggles around urban removal, racism, adequate medical care, decent food and clothing programs, and the overall needs of poor and oppressed people in the Lincoln Park area. Give them a call at 348-6842 or come by at 2512 North Lincoln Ave.

**GAY LIBERATION** is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression and to develop points of solidarity of gay people with other oppressed peoples.

SEE GOOD NUMBERS

**CHICAGO BRANCH** of the **INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD** is part of America's oldest genuine radical labor organization. The office is shared with the national headquarters at 2240 N. Lincoln. The hall is available for use by community organizations for meetings, socials and benefits. Volunteer office help is welcome, call 549-5045 for help in job situations in need of labor organizers. Meetings 1st Friday of every month at 8:00 pm.

**LADO** - The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community of the Near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in September of 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients. In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. The latest programs are the Center for People's Health, and in addition to the welfare union, LADO is organizing around the problems of workers in the community, creating a mass involvement in the organization. Call 276-0909 or go by the office at 2353 West North Avenue.

**MEN AGAINST COOL** are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics. For more information call 248-9622 or 477-9771.

**NORTH SIDE CO-OPERATIVE MINISTRY** is involved in too many programs to list here: they are working in the areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantrys and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they got or you got what they need. Come to 2507 North Greenview.

**THE PEORIA FOUR DEFENSE COMMITTEE** has been set up to defend four Chicagoans accused of busting up a draft board in Peoria. Ransom of \$10,000 each was set, and the judge refused to let the defendants loose on the usual 10% of bond. So, money is really needed in this case. If you can spare some, send it to 2754 North Hampdon Court, or call 667-8320. They need office equipment and supplies, and some good volunteer help.

**RISING UP ANGRY** is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak throughout the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights between the gangs and try to get the people together to fight the real enemy, have a womens group, and help brothers and sisters who are harassed and busted. Box 3746 Merchandise Mart, or call 472-1791.

**STUDENT HEALTH ORGANIZATION (SHO)** works to bring health and medicine to the streets. They are involved with several of the medical centers listed in this directory, and they welcome volunteers. Help smash the profit-oriented medical industry. 493-2741. 1613 E. 53rd.

**WOMEN'S LIBERATION**

SEE GOOD NUMBERS

**Health Center** - will offer minor gynecological services in the fall, call Pat McGauley at 373-1420 for more information. Summer classes in prenatal care, birth control, sex education, abortion counseling and others are being offered. Call Toby Silvey at 324-4985.

Problem pregnancy counseling and services are available through Jane (Women's Liberation) - 643-3844 and through Clergyman's Counselling Service - 324-4958

**THE YOUNG LORDS ORGANIZATION** fights for the right of Puerto Ricans to exist in decent conditions, as well as for a free Puerto Rico. They have been the target for heavy police harassment and are in desperate need of bail money and money for legal expenses. Call 549-8505. 834 W. Armitage.

**MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY** is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GIs. They operate a bookstore and an office at 1303 Morrow in North Chicago. For information call George at 689-2525 or 237-9044.

**THE EVANSTON PEACE CENTER** has a draft counseling service, a library and a bookstore among other good things. The draft counselling service is: Tuesdays from 7 - 9pm; Wednesdays from 1 - 4pm and from 7 - 9pm. Thursdays from 11am - 2pm and 7pm to 9pm. Fridays the sessions are from 12 noon to 2pm; Saturdays from 10am to 4pm; and sundays from 1pm to 4pm. The regular hours of the center are from 10 to 4 every day. For more information call 475 - 2260.

**LA DOLORES WOMEN'S LIBERATION CENTER** has moved to 2150 N Halsted, and their new phone is 935-0364. La Dolores has lots of programs: introduction to Women's Liberation; rap groups; Marxist study groups; Women's history groups; self defense classes; and day-care committees. To mention only a few programs. The center is open til around 11 pm every day. Call or come

## Legal Aid

**AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION** handles cases where points of constitutionality are involved. Women usually represent you on ordinary garden variety graffiti, or disturbing the peace busts. Call 236-5561 or

**COUNTER CULTURAL LAW PROJECT** is a group of lawyers and law students who want to help with the legal hassles of living a free life in Chicago. If you are living the revolution and are being hassled, call Lee or Bill at 649-8576 or drop by 360 E. Superior Street.



# Directory

LEGAL WELFARE CLINIC is held every other Tuesday from 6 to 9 pm at the Concerned Citizens Survival Front. Call 348-6842 for more information.

THE PEOPLE'S LAW OFFICE handles criminal law cases free to members of revolutionary organizations, others according to their ability to pay. 2156 North Halsted, 929-1880

## Health Centers

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine. It's open every Wednesday night. Call 243-4844.

COMMUNITY HEALTH ORGANIZATION OF ENGELWOOD, INC. is at 140 West 62nd Street and is open on Monday and Wednesday nights. Call Alexander Ben at 955-3220.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLES HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization a Peoples' Church, 834 W. Armitage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Ave in the Lincoln Park area, and is now pressuring Grant Hospital to have more social relevance to the people of the community. Call 549-8505 for hours and services, or contact Alberto Chavira at 549-2927.

CENTRO PARA SALUD DEL PUEBLO is administered by the Latin American Defense Organization. It offers medical aid on Tuesday evenings from 6 to 10. It's at 2353 W. North Avenue. Phone is 276-0900.

THE FRITZ ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLES' HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living between Fullerton and Barry and between Clark and Racine. Hours are between 3 and 9pm Wednesdays and 10 to 4 pm Saturdays. It provides medical care, checkups, shots, disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid and nutrition. 348-6842.

The health center is in desperate need of doctors and nurses willing to help them. So, if you are a doctor or a nurse, please see if you can help them continue to provide these services. PLEASE HELP!

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTERS FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3850 W. 16th St, 522-3220. Donations of money, and medical supplies are welcome.

WELLS - DARROW EVENING MEDICAL CENTER is at 624 East 38th Place. Further information is available by calling 373-0514.

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE is at 4408 N Sheridan. The clinic needs money to buy drugs and supplies for people in the Uptown area. The free clinic is now open Monday through Thursday evenings at 7pm. The clinic will NOT treat cases of VD for those not living in uptown, since that treatment is available free from the board of health. The phone for the Uptown Health Service is 334-8957.

IRENE JOSLIN CLINIC. Is at 405 Central Ave, in Northfield. Call 446-8910 for hours and services.

## Printing - Art

J.S. JORDAN MEMORIAL PRINTING CO-OP prints for the community at co-operative rates. Donations of paper and printing supplies are welcomed at this Wobbly shop. (L.U. 450) 6710 N. Clark or 973-0219.

OMEGA POSTERS prints for the community. Omega grew out of the CADRE printing program. They can print sizes up to 11 x 17 in up to four colors with the color separations provided. 711 S. Dearborn or call 684-6227 or 939-7672.

RED STAR PRESS prints for the community at very reasonable rates - cheap but very good. Can do four color up to 17 x 22 inches. Joel will be happy to teach you to run a press. 180 N. Wacker, 641-1576

WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART CO-OP is forming "to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that we have been subjected to all of our lives" and "to open up another front against the Amerikan Fatherland. We say ART BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE!" Call 642-9456 for further information.

## Classes

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL is operating on two fronts - survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student-developed curricula - ranging from academic courses in Afro-American history to running a Saturday evening coffehouse. They have been operating a student-run food coop and starting October 10th will be operating a coffehouse, with folk music, old movies and rapping. Their address is 4408 North Sheridan, the phone is 561-6737. They are in great - urgent - need of money to buy a van for the food coop. If you can spare some bread, please give

FREE UNIVERSITY ON COMMUNES runs a series of workshops in communal living. If you live in a commune, want to live in one, or have plans to start one, you should get ahold of Steve or Mark at 477-9771.

FREE UNIVERSITY' There's a Free University forming in Chicago. At Last. If you're tired of all that boring, irrelevant shit that passes for education in an official high school or college, give the Free U a try. They need books, magazines and other research materials for the library of radical materials. Call 549-4595.

## Draft

CHICAGO AREA MILITARY PROJECT

AFSC - 407 S' Dearborn - 427-2533

CADRE - 519 W North - 664-6895

MCDC - 711 S Dearborn - 427-3350

NORTH SIDE:

Wellington Ave Draft Counselling. Wellington Ave. Congregational Church, 615 Wellington, 935-0642

Uptown Draft Information Service, Hull House, 4520

North Beacon; 561-8033 Monday evenings.

Chicago Area Draft Resisters (CADRE), 519 W' North phone 664-6895

Ravenswood - Uptown Interfaith Fellowship; Barry Methodist Church, 4754 N. Leavitt, 784-3273

SOUTH SIDE

Hyde Park Draft Information Center, 5615 S Woodlawn 363-1248

Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S University, 324-5181

South Side Draft Information Center, 2355 W 63d, 2nd floor, 925-3686

WEST SIDE

Lawndale Draft Counseling Program, 277-3140 or 762-2010 after 6 pm

Austin Draft Counseling Center, 5903 W Fulton 626-9385

SUBURBS

Gary - Lake County Draft Information Center, 3525 Jefferson, (219) - 887-5037

Evanston - Peace and World Affairs Center, 926 Chicago 475-2260

Maywood - West Suburban Draft Counseling Center 100 S 19th Ave 344-2343

Lombard - Draft Counseling Center, 1 S Park, 2nd floor 629-9146

La Grange Area Draft Information Group, 24 W Burlington, 352-6677

Techny - North Shore Draft Information Group, Divine Word Seminary, 1835 Waukegan Rd, 272-2700

Naperville - Council of Churches Information Center, 34 S Washington, 355-0210

Oak Park - Village Draft Counseling Information Service. 1st Presbyterian Church, 931 Lake St, 383-1872.

## BAD

1st (Central)—11 E. 11th; 744-6230; Comdr Paul V McLaughlin

2nd (Wentworth)—5101 S. Wentworth; 744-8366; Comdr. Edward L Buckney.

3rd (Grand Crossing)—834 E. 75th; 744-8201; Comdr. Wm B. Griffin

4th (South Chicago)—2938 E. 89th; 744-8205; Comdr. Edward A. Flynn

5th (Kensington)—200 E. 115th; 744-8210; Comdr. John Cotter

6th (Gresham)—819 W. 85th; 744-8214; Comdr. Wm. J. Woods

7th (Englewood)—6120 S. Racine; 744-8220; Comdr Julius H. Watson

8th (Chicago Lawn)—3515 W. 63d; 744-8224; Comdr. Richard J. McCurrie

9th (Deering)—3501 S. Lowe; 744-8227; Comdr John Haberkorn

10th (Marguerite)—2259 S. Damen; 744-8246; Comdr Wm McCann

11th (Fillmore)—4001 W. Fillmore; 744-8386; Comdr Fred Rice

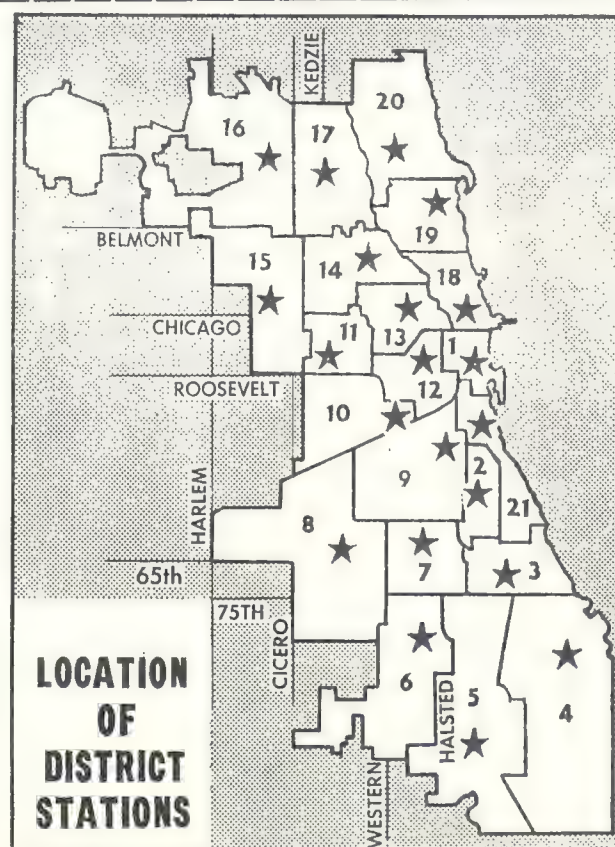
12th (Monroe)—100 S. Racine; 744-8396; Comdr. Harold F. Enright

13th (Wood)—937 N. Wood; 744-8350; Comdr. Thomas Hayes

14th (Shakespeare)—2138 N. California; 744-8290; Comdr Earl Johnson

15th (Austin)—5327 W. Chicago; 744-8300; Comdr Victor A. Vrdolyak

16th (Jefferson Park)—5430 W. Gale; 744-8286; Comdr Robert C. Woodburn



## NUMBERS

17th (Albany Park)—4461 N Pulaski; 744-8347; Comdr Joseph M Mueller

18th (E. Chicago Av)—113 W. Chicago; 744-8230; Comdr John R O'Shea

19th (Town Hall)—3600 N. Halsted; 744-8320; Comdr Francis P. Nolan

20th (Foster Av)—1940 W. Foster; 744-8330; Comdr James J. Connolly

21st (Prairie Av)—300 E. 29th; 744-8340; Comdr James E. O'Grady

The area detective sections and their telephone numbers are:

Area 1 (Wentworth), includes districts 1,2, and 21—5101 S. Wentworth; detectives, 744-8384; youth, 744-8385; traffic, 744-8318; task force, 744-8270

Area 2 (Burnside), includes districts 3,4,5, and 6—9059 S. Cottage Grove; detectives, 744-8275; youth, 744-8276; traffic, 744-8277 task force, 744-8270

Area 3 (Brighton Park) includes districts 7,8, and 9—detectives, 744-8284; youth, 744-8285; traffic, 744-8345

Area 4 (Maxwell St), includes Districts 10,11,12 and 13—detectives, 744-8255; youth 744-8256; traffic, 744-8257; task force, 744-8250

Area 5 (Shakespeare), includes Districts 14,15,16 and 17—detectives, 744-8364; youth, 744-8365; traffic, 744-8293

Area 6 (Damen Av.), includes Districts 18,19 and 20—detectives, 744-8265; youth, 744-8266; traffic, 744-8267; task force, 744-8260



STEREO KS 3634

Charles Lloyd/moon man

KS 3634

CHARLES LLOYD / MOON MAN



# Charles Lloyd/moon man

Charles Lloyd believes that "The function of music is to turn people on."  
This album will.





# BLUES

## JIMMY "FAST FINGERS" DAWKINS

SEED: Jimmy, will you rap a little about where you're from, and about what you did when you were younger?

JIMMY: I never did much farm work. My peoples moved to town when I was quite small--Pascagoula, Mississippi, which is a ship-building corporation, factories, paper mills and so forth--and that's where I went to school. I had an early interest in music--as far back as I can remember--likin' the guitar and later gettin' an opportunity to learn from a school friend of mine. Then, in 1953, or late '52, my mother brought me my own from a Chicago mail order house, and I started practicin'.

SEED: When did you come to Chicago and start playing?

JIMMY: In 1955 I moved to Chicago. I worked in a factory for a couple years, a year and a half, to buy me some instruments to play. From there I started playing professionally on the streets around Albany and Roosevelt with a band--a harmonica player who's now out of music, Lester Henton. There was four of us, two guitars, harmonica and drums. Rehearsing on the streets in late '55, a man offered us inside at ten dollars a night if we rehearsed inside his place at Albany and Roosevelt. So we rehearsed inside his place, and that was my first gig.

After that, the band got a little lazy, because we were beginnin' to make a little money, so we lost that job. After we lost that job, Lester didn't find anything else for the band to do, so I took the band. And that's what started my first band. We went to the South Side of Chicago, 61st and Calumet, to a place now out of business, and that was the beginning of my first band. I went on from there just playin' around Chicago week-ends.

SEED: When did you cut your first record?

JIMMY: On my own was in 1968 with Bob Koestner. That was the Delmark "Fast Fingers" album. That was not my first intentional recordin'. I did records for King label--well, six sides for the King label under Sunny Thompson, but this was unreleased because we didn't get together. I didn't agree with all the terms on their royalties, the percentages they wanted to give me. I didn't accept their deal, so that was kind of thrown on the shelf. Then I recorded a 45 for B and Baby label--better known as Cadillac Baby on the South Side--in 1960. This was never released because of some difficulty he had with his money. Then, later, I met Bob (Koestner), and he contracted me for instrumentals. He liked the way I played guitar, he wasn't for vocal. Then, after he heard me sing, he said "Well, go ahead and sing a few and we'll see how it goes. So I was mostly hired just to play the guitar for his label.

SEED: Do you write your own material?

JIMMY: No, I don't, not all the time. But I do come by it through rehearsal--you can say writing it. I try to originate as much of it as I can in my livin' room where I practice. I work with a tape recorder a lot. I just play and then I go back and search the tape--like with a magnifying glass if I could--and figure out what I want. On Mercury, what you call it--"Keep on Doing What You're Doing," Wildchild Butler--the "Hippies Playground" tune, I did write that and arrange the music to it. And Wildchild did the singing. It just hit the market and I hope you'll be listening for it.

SEED: Who influenced you when you first began to play?

JIMMY: Well Guitar Slim always was my favorite at the time I began practicin and learnin music. In '54 he came out with this record "The Things I Used To Do," but I

had known him long before that. He would always come to my hometown and play these dances. But I was always listenin. I liked the music and if there was a guitar in I always like the guitar. Later I found out it was blues I liked but at the time I didn't know whether it was blues or what it was.

SEED: Are you partial to anyone working today?

JIMMY: Actually now I have no favorites. I would say my favorite today would be a vocal, Little Milton. He play guitar, but I like his singin. I would count him the number one vocal for blues, or for anything because he got a voice. But guitar styles, I think I like my own style better than I do anybody, and that's not braggin. We have some fine musicians in Chicago. We just lost two of the greatest, Earl Hooker and Magic Sam. But Otis Rush is one of the greatest musicians you can find. I listen to everybody. Not that I always like it, but it might be something that I do like and I listen to get the parts out of a record that might interest me or help me. I listen to everybody. I buy all kinds of records. Jazz--because sometimes a trumpet in a certain tune can do a certain riff that I would want. I practice on this riff to try and get it.

SEED: You're known for a particular performing style. Will you tell us something about it?

JIMMY: Most of the time I'm kind of serious because I don't believe in anything else. I don't down the clowners. Buddy Guy he does a beautiful job of clowning. So did Guitar Slim. He was about the greatest acrobatic guitar player we had. Me I just stand still, because that's my thing. You said about my particular style or sound--you see I listen at B.B. King--well, he got a good thing goin and I don't think I could try and play his music, because I can only make it worse. I try to get something of my own and that's where the particular sylte comes from. What I do is me. It's not phrasing from somebody else or copying.

SEED: How do you feel about the current interest in the blues?

JIMMY: I'm very proud of the big upsurge toward blues from everybody. It started some years back with Mike Bloomfield and Paul Butterfield. They used to be around us--Muddy Waters, Magic Sam, myself, Otis Rush, everybody--as you know. And they are the ones brought the blues back to the white kids. And the white kids reacted to it, with a little punching from Europe. From Europe it came back here and now it seem to be gettin it across to more of the middle class blacks, and now some of the younger blacks are catching on to it so its very good for the blues musicians.

SEED: Do you think that the work the Panthers and other groups have done in terms of black pride and awareness of black culture has helped?

JIMMY: I wouldn't know too much about the Panthers. But I think all this helped by wantin to be proud of what you have--of your own thing. So I would say they have did some good. Martin Luther King, the Panthers, the Black Muslims--they preached this here black thing a long time ago and the other groups seem to catch on to that. Now I'm not a Muslim or a Panther--I'm just a musician--a blues musician, but I study a lot of literature and they all work all the blacks up to the ting of being proud of what they have, their hair, their music, their culture. So it's been a big help. But I think the biggest thing that workin the blacks up to the blues is the white kids acceptin it now and the Europeans. This is the biggest help to the blues. The younger generation, say 15-18 years, they haven't been against the blues but the radios is the one that's against that. The radios went pop or soul or classic and they didn't expose the younger kids

to the blues. Now they're beginnin to accept blues because they're exposed to it a little more. When two or three musicians get a few thousand dollars in their hand they go and bribe the radio station to play their records and their records are strictly soul and pop. So the disc jockey is gettin away with all this and they don't play the Muddy Waters or the John Lee Hooker records. They all go back on the shelf and they play just the hot soul guys you hear about all the time and this is a bribery. And this is what kept blues from being exposed to our younger generation.

SEED: What is the blues and where did the blues originate?

JIMMY: Nobody has ever defined it yet--blues. But I would say just a feelin. More recently we started to call it "soul", but all along its been the blues and it will be the blues. The reason I sing the blues is it's the only thing I know. Jazz--I wasn't exposed to jazz. I was exposed to church, and church and blues are very related. Both of them get this down-hearted, trodded feeling. And this is what I lived under and some up under and this is what I'm havin today--these hard experiences and sufferin and when I play or sing or think it's always about the blues. The blues is a thing that always has been here and always will be here--as long as we have man on the face of the earth. The blues, the records you hear the black artist singin, is usually about a woman, or some lost love. And then we say blues. Maybe he lost his car back to the finance company. He always live with this oppressed feelin anyway. It come from anywhere there's hardship, but it comes in different forms. We got our own style we bring here from the south. Anywhere they got the blues. We have ours that we express in the Delta style, or the Louisiana or Texas style of blues singin. So it's all the same thing, but expressed in different ways. Lightnin' Hopkins sings his type of blues and B.B. King sings his type. But they still from different hometowns--even different states--so it don't come from no one place. I think blues is just a form of black peoples expression and it's just a thing like I said that they been exposed to themselves.

SEED: What are the changes a blues musician goes through to keep working?

JIMMY: Well, when you say a musician you've got different categories there. You got a musician that's a fool-hardy musician--he don't have any hardship because he might be just a lazy sideman that lay home and sleep and wait on some leader to call him for work--and then you got the sidemen and the leaders that go out and try to make things better all the time. And these are the ones that catch the hell. Like me, ever since I been here is Chicago I had it hard because I had to scuffle myself and try to get known and try and keep work to stay in music and half the time I was starvin to death, so this was the bad part for me. Now, I've had it hard. You get a job and then you don't have a band, or you go out and get a job and come back and try to get a band. Sometimes I found that was the best way. Get the job and tell the musicians you can give them x amount of money and then you got a band. But you find musicians are not stable, they must with the guy that can pay the biggest buck. And that's a fact. And this makes it hard for the leaders. Like myself, I been through it all for 15 years now, and I just don't think there's an easy way in music. A lot of time people think I'm mad when I'm on the stage, but sometimes I be thinkin they don't know how

CONTINUED ON P.14



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 lucky they is that I be there because maybe I just go in there my the skin of my teeth because of scrappin up a band at the last minute—it's rough, music life—it's a headache. I paid eight months out of my life in a hospital for it, ulcers, surgery. I found it to be real hard.

SEED: Why do you stay with the Chicago blues scene?

JIMMY: Why I keep singin the blues in Chicago is the reason I'd keep singing the blues anywhere, because I don't think it will ever change. This is what I feel. This is what I was born with or discovered shortly after I was born. I don't think envirnment or the place would make me change that feelin. You can't quit show business. Once you're in it—you're in it. I wouldn't stop it. I've devoted myself to music and this is what I'm goin to do. I paid a lot of dues to stay with this and I'm just with it now. That's it.

SEED: How do you feel about playing at Alice's?

JIMMY: Well, I'm happy about it and it's a thing I want to do—I been wantin to do for a long time—come to the north side and play. This is kind of a new experience for me and I'm lookin forward to it. I talked to Otis Rush about it. He liked it too. And Joe Young, he liked it. And they was tellin me I was goin to like it. So I'm lookin forward to it.

SEED: Who will be playing with you?

JIMMY: Dave Matthew on bass and Bob Richie on drums. He (Bob) used to be with Magic Sam and when Sam passed he came with me. Just the three pieces. We're going to bring the west side sound to the north side of Chicago

Jimmy Dawkins will be at Alice's Friday and Saturday, September 25th and 26th.

—Lois

*p i c k i n', t h e P O P S*

YOU CAN BE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO BE—Tim Leary: Anything—including an escaped convict.

WEASELS RIPPED MY FLESH—FRANK ZAPPA: Most of the stuff in this album is great classical music. There's also good rock. And good jazz. And it's all mixed up, so your should mix your drugs accordingly.

ABSOLUTELY LIVE—Doors: Amply demonstrates:
 

- arrogant bullshit,
- declining musical ability,
- disrespect for the audience.

METAMORPHOSIS—Iron Butterfly, with Pinerá and Rhino: Iron has turned from a catepillar into a worm. Let it by.

DEVOTION—John McLaughlin: Space music grows out of the neck of a guitar. Acid frosted with jazz.

BITCH'S BREW —Miles Davis, with John McLaughlin and others: Shriller than McLaughlin's own, but you'll flip if you like jazz trumpet.

DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF; HAND ME THE PLIERS—Firesign Theater: The third album is even more complex than the others. When you understand what they're talking about, it's funny. Imagine how good it gets when you figure out the rest;

ELEPHANTINE WATERCRESS—ELEPHANTINE WATERCRESS: These five lads from Peoria make a smashing debut with an album of Oriental suburban blues. Give a listen to "Catch That Donut" on Side 2. Little else need be said.

HOT TUNA—Hot Tuna: Dead mackerel.

ACCEPT—Chicken Shack: Chicken shit.

LIE—Charles Manson: Backed by "The Forks," old Charlie plays music not to trip by. Sample lyric: "Ban won't wear off/ 'cause my monkey's dead"

Real killer.

SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES—hedge & Donna: Sunshine music. Light, soft, deep, melodic, alright.

# Lee Michaels

## Barrel

Side One

- Mad Dog
- What Now America
- Uummm My Lady
- Thumb
- When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Side Two

- 1. Murder In My Heart (For The Judge)
- 2. Day Of Change
- 3. Think I'll Cry
- 4. Games
- 5. Didn't Know What I Had
- 6. As Long As I Can

PRODUCER: Larry Marks/ GUITAR: Drake Levin

DRUM KIT: Frosty/ OTHER: Lee Michaels

STUDIO: Lee Michaels' Record Ranch Inc. Mill Valley, California

A New Album on A&M Records and Tapes



There was this credit card, one of the all-purpose ones. Since my plan was to charge off an unbelievable amount of merchandise, I thought that it would be much groovier if the name on it was one that I could match with signature and ID.

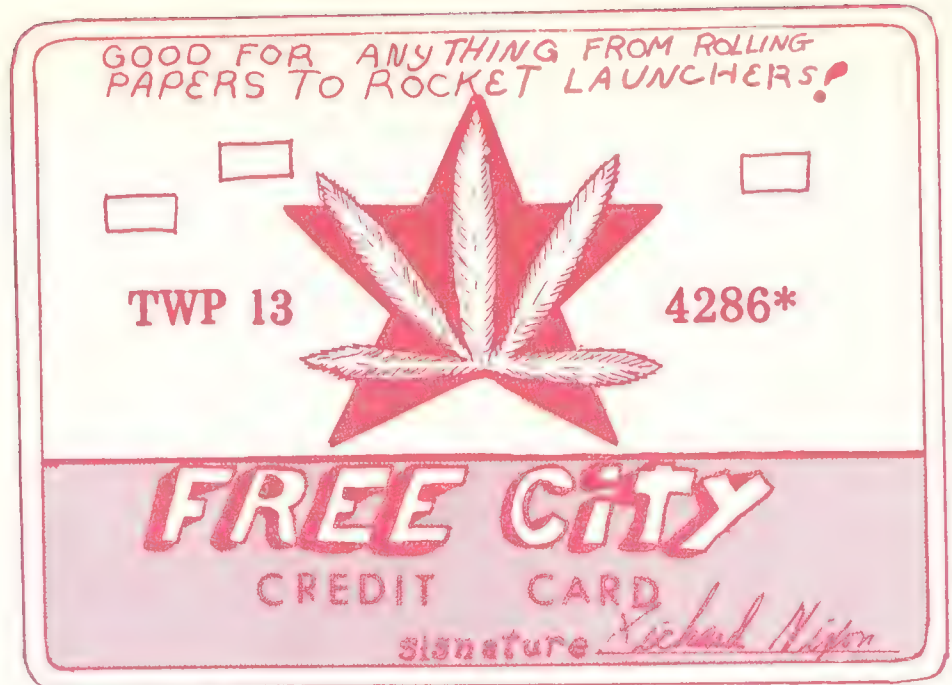
I cut a strip from the margin of Time Magazine, although I could have used any other periodical printed on slick paper. I made sure that it was the same size as the signature strip on the charge plate, and that all the edges were neatly squared off. Then I pasted it over the old one with some Elmer's Glue-All.

I could just as well have reincarnated an old card by changing the numbers. This can be done by: gently heating the card using the catalyst from polyester resin to remove all old ink flattening the card with a warm iron evening all surfaces with a razor blade using an addressograph to stamp out a new name and number signing the name

I needed some ID to prove that I was who I said I was (even if I wasn't). The color pattern on Illinois driver's licenses is tough to reproduce, so I used an old California license that somebody had left at my house. I did pasteups over the name and photo, and then went to the library and made a photocopy. The new license was smaller than the original and the shading was off, but it was OK once it was behind a dirty piece of plastic in my wallet.

I might have been able to do the same with a draft card, but it's sort of dumb to rip a car rental place without a license. Had I wanted to wait a while, a friend could have gotten me a killer Cal license. Her trip was to make a masked negative (black-and-white) on Kodabromide single weight F3 at the studio where she gigged. Since it was a State office, it would have been easy to match the type face on real licenses. Then a quick stroll down to Motor Vehicles, a reach over the counter, a stamp on the back of the bogus license, and presto-chango, an ID.

Anyhow, I had a merry old time. I charged off a few shotguns. I rented some cars, and even sold one. I watched color TV for awhile. Then, because I wanted to be something more than a bandit, I began fencing my scams and giving my money to all the organizations in Free City Directory. I arranged for a political prisoner to be bonded out. Once I got together a thousand dollars and tossed it out a bus window in



front of a welfare office. I felt akin to the revolutionaries of 19th century Russia, who went past their own satisfaction and robbed banks to finance the struggle and help those in need. Out of sight!

Sometimes I was scared, but I never panicked. I knew that people had gotten busted, although I also knew that the expense to the credit company of bringing in the original card holder and supporting him or her through a trial made them think twice before pressing charges. I cut my hair to look the part I was playing, and was smart enough not to bring my friends along when ripping off. I never took more than I could move, and tried to use several different cards.

After a while, I became an expert. I knew what everything on the card meant—that the star on a BankAmericard indicated a \$100 limit (including tax), and that TWP or TWQ on a TWA card meant free rides for everybody. I knew that Master Charge Detectives follow up spending sprees while BankAmericard Dicks look for patterns. And I knew that nobody was getting hurt except the banks, the real profit-makers on the whole deal with their 18% interest charges and class preferences.

I got to know stores and clerks. If I was going to do a store more than once, I hit the toughest clerk first to learn the routine. I always acted like I belonged, fussing over my purchases, hassling the salesperson when he or she took too long, etc. I eyed an escape route on my way to the counter. I knew that it took 30-45 days for hot lists to get posted, the house detectives are slow to come when called, and that a department store card shouldn't be used in the named store because of computer hookups to the registers.

I was doing great; then it happened. I was copying some stereo equipment when suddenly an alarm went off. I began to run when everything began to get hazy...

I was in my bed. It had been a dream, a vision created by reading the Credit Card Hustle article in the June issue of Scanlan's Magazine, the same rag that first printed the Agnew memo. I was shocked—it had seemed so real and felt so good.

I began to get out of bed. Something stuck me. I looked down, and freaked. There beside me was an Exacto knife, some glue, and the card you see on this page. I wonder...

Rip Van Winkle



It was one-thirty in the afternoon when I awoke. I crawled out of bed, my head pounding. That moment, my subconscious told me that never again would I be able to get drunk and get into 1950's rock and roll. It seemed like a gas the night before. But the next morning one has to put up with things like hearing his socks crash to the floor. Getting drunk is just not where it's at.

Today I had to go on to bigger and better kicks. I scanned the newspaper in the hope of finding a rock concert tonight; no such luck. In a last desperate attempt I turned on AM radio. Dex Card screamed out in the latest hip jargon that the Buckingham's would be appearing that night at the Wild Goose in Elmhurst. Oh well, It seemed a whole lot better than staying home and watching Mod Squad.

Within five minutes I was in touch with Dex Card himself. I told him how much we all loved his "Silver Dollar Survey." He dug that. What he dug a lot more was the idea that the Chicago Seed would like to know if they could come out to the Wild Goose in search of a story. He almost creamed at the idea! I was told to be there at about 8:00 that night. He would be waiting for me at the front gate.

It took me awhile to decide what to wear. My new zig-zag man tee-shirt seemed about my best bet. I washed my hair to make it look longer, and slipped on some of my newer beads.

I arrived at the train station feeling sorry for the kids who looked forward to seeing the Buckingham's. But then again, they probably wondered how the "hippies" could wait endlessly for someone such as the Jeffer-

son Airplane, to come to town. As I walked through the front gate, Ned, a lesser known group was playing. They sounded like any other group that was trying to make it these days. The crowd was all dancing, as if in a trance. They thought that this is what was expected of them, so they obliged. A few of the audience who couldn't dance, spent their time combing hair, and sipping cokes.

Walking inside, I was met by two freaks sporting Yippie! buttons. I struck up a conversation. While we were talking, a friend of theirs trucked over. He was carrying a huge piece of posterboard. As they saw it they all became excited. Within minutes I was shown the plans that they had drawn up concerning an Energy center in Elmhurst. I was spellbound. Three suburban kids planned on setting up an information center, coffee house, political and cultural education classes, and free rock concerts. The best part was yet to come. The Y. M.C.A., Kiwanis Club, and some Elmhurst community organization were going to pay all the expenses. I felt better now. My ego trip about being from Chicago had been blown. These three kids from Elmhurst were doing more in one summer, than the whole Lincoln Park community.

We cruised back out to the fenced-in cement patio. The Buckingham's were setting up. In the meantime we decided to go to the front gate and see what we could do about sneaking some kids in. We did our best, but only accomplished getting about ten people in. As is by instinct we turned toward the stage. The Buckingham's introduced themselves. The lead guitar player mumbled that for their first number they would play a medley of

their old hits. The crowd screamed and one girl fainted. For the rest of the show, the only songs that they played were their old hits.

I decided to leave early. I felt it necessary to avoid the rush for the doors at the end of the concert.

As I boarded the train, I decided that I would have been much better off had I stayed home and watched Mod Squad. Then it hit me. These kids weren't any worse off than the crowd that flocks to the Aragon every Friday and Saturday night. At the Wild Goose the music sounded like "Oldies but Goodies" night at WCFL. At the Aragon the music sounds like the "Young Sound" on WBBM-FM. The only difference between the suburbanite kids and the "hip" crowd, is that our hair is longer. That's not much of a difference. We along with the teeny-boppers are forced into paying money for a part of our culture. We all know that crashing the gates is a bust. But there are other ways. (Right Bernadine?) Even after we pay for our own music, we are subjected to such shit as no light shows, plain clothes narcs, and Andy Frain ushers.

The fascist pigs in Chicago have become so mad that they have banned free music in the parks. The suburban kids as well as the freak community have to realize that the only way to deal with D3x Card and American Tribal Rock is to deal with them directly. If we were to come together in communities, small clubs like Alice's Revisited could be opened up in neighborhoods. Community bands and lightshows could perform and possibly gain more bookings. We then will be able to see and hear three bands for a fifth of what we would pay at the Aragon. Money could stay in the area to build other activities. Although at first we would not be able to hear big name bands, we could come together within months and rent a hall. The next step would be getting someone such as Jefferson Airplane or Pink Floyd.

If we all realized that we don't need someone such as American Tribal Rock, they soon would be replaced. If we all realized that we don't have to pay five dollars for a part of our culture, Hip Capitalist rock houses would soon disappear. All it takes is a little energy. Rock on!

Jimmy Olsen  
Cub reporter



any similarity between portions of this advertisement and that of other airlines is not intended and should be regarded as coincidence





The Wings of the People

"The Wings of the People" is a service mark of El Al Fatah and associated Third World Airways



# THIRD WORLD AIRWAYS

## AUTUMN WEEKENDERS

### FREEDOM TO THE PEOPLE

Now you can see the world and do a service at the same time without joining the Marines. Take any domestic or international flight and tell the pilot family where you want to go. Be vehement. Then let no one off the plane until your favorite political prisoners are freed and flown to asylum. Watch out for plainclothes gunman.

### DOPE SMUGGLER'S HOLIDAY

Tired of being hassled at O'Hare? Having trouble getting stuff over the border? We have a solution for you in this group of specials. Now you can rent or borrow a plane for the weekend, fly to the mountains of Mexico or the Cedars of Lebanon and deal directly with the natives. Besides cutrate prices you can enjoy the thrills of an air chase over the Mediterranean or the Gulf of Mexico, and if you get home land at your own private air strip. Precinct sites: flying lessons and target practice.

### GO AWOL IN LUXURY

Servicemen in Viet Nam—are you taking full advantage of your military privileges? If you are qualified as a pilot or have a lot of guts, you've got it made. When you get tired of camping in the mud paddies, shooting Charlie, and getting high, use your share of government property to split the scene. Liberate a plane and fly to Hong Kong, Korea, Sweden and the world.

When you visit your travel agent ask about our Korean Holiday and our Algerian Vacation plan.

Have you realized that the new traveling people can travel faster than people who travel faster?

Unfortunately, only one of them is a bad to have plenty of time and money to spare.

But not a word. Because we've put together a whole raft of low-cost Autumn Weekenders for some of the most exciting places you can think of. So you can see more of this world in less time for less money. And make your weekends more than just 3 days at the end of the week.

In many cases, your wife and family can come along. (And why not take the kids? What they miss in school one day, they'll learn in the world.) And you can charge it all.

### BEDOUIN WEEKENDER

On many international flights, El Farah will fly you for no extra cost to the exotic deserts of the Middle East. You will have first class accommodations in your plane and will dine on leftovers. Highlighting your weekend will be a first hand glimpse of the workings of guerrilla bands, and the heart-racing sense of not knowing if you'll ever see you loved ones again. To top off your weekend—a fabulous fireworks display and aerial lightshow.

### HAVANA HOLIDAY

As an area bonus to most flights to Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, and even Philadelphia, you now have the option of an overnight visit to Havana airport, sugar cane fields of the world. The use of you flying new 747 jumbo jets will be allowed to know that instead of being blown to pieces you will be greeted at the airport by the premier himself. Enjoy fast courteous service at the airport and a quickly processed to return stateside.

### THE POLAND WEEKENDER

On the line between Poland and Czechoslovakia it is now possible to travel to the West with our new stopover in West Berlin. Before you had to risk your life to breach the Wall from East Berlin to freedom, to visit your relatives. But now you can take the train to Warsaw and fly to freedom.



# Women in Advertising

American women, more than any other women in the world, are encouraged to fulfill themselves through their role as consumers. Business and advertising have created an image for them, which advertisers then pressure them to live up to. Though most advertising is directed toward women with some leisure and money, others learn to want the same things and work to make themselves into the kind of women who seem to have what the ads offer.

When a woman reads in her favorite women's magazine that, "Unfortunately, the trickiest deodorant problem a woman has isn't under her pretty little arms," she starts to worry. Is my vaginal area ("the most girl part of you") giving off offensive odors? she wonders.

"Could you be the last woman to be using just one deodorant?" an ad for another vaginal deodorant asks. The woman probably never even heard of the problem, but just to make sure, she picks up a container of FDS (Feminine Deodorant Spray) and the Alberto-Culver Co. scores another point. Or she might even be tempted by "Cupid's Quiver" which comes in both flavors and scents.

These companies, like the others in the woman market, understand the American woman. They know she's insecure, often unhappy in the narrow perimeters of her life, desperate in her efforts to catch a man. (If she has a man, they encourage her to doubt her ability to keep him.) So they anticipate a female insecurity, or create one and then create a product to fill the new need. If the product is successful, profits increase. If not, there's always another "need."

Our advanced technological era should make for greater freedom for all people, but in many ways American technology has generated the opposite effect. Women are the most enslaved by it. As a group, women have little control over production and planning. They relate to the technological society primarily as consumers.

In the competition for the consumer's dollar, business creates excessive waste of resources, particularly through those products that appeal to women. No one needs fifty different kinds of soap to choose from, or one hundred kinds of lipstick. But American companies continue to produce dozens of variations on the same themes, diverting energy, resources, and money from more productive human endeavors. In 1968, for example, \$3.1 billion was spent on television advertising in the attempt to sell the various types of products—twice the amount spent on the poverty program in the same year.

Of course, there is nothing inherently wrong with consumption. But in this country, advertising tries to persuade us to consume large quantities of goods and services we really don't need or even want. Many of the ads are dehumanizing and degrading, implying that men and women love and need each other because of qualities like hair color and smell.

It's never too early to begin. Children's programs on TV bombard boys and girls at an early age. ("The little old toymaker from Kermer has made one just for you!") and by the time girls reach puberty they are prime material. The people who run *Seventeen* magazine, the top-selling teenage publication, understand the importance of this youthful market. An ad in *The New York Times* on June 18, 1969, read:

The *Seventeen* Award to American industry for its investment in the country's young women under twenty—

Once again advertisers have demonstrated their realization that youth sets the pace. Once again, *Seventeen*, their magazine, has broken all publishing records for a single issue.

This August, a new high, carrying 357 advertising pages, 245 in color. . . *Seventeen* is the biggest circulation magazine in the young women's field—for 16 years, it has carried more advertising than any other women's monthly magazine.

That's the strength of *Seventeen*.

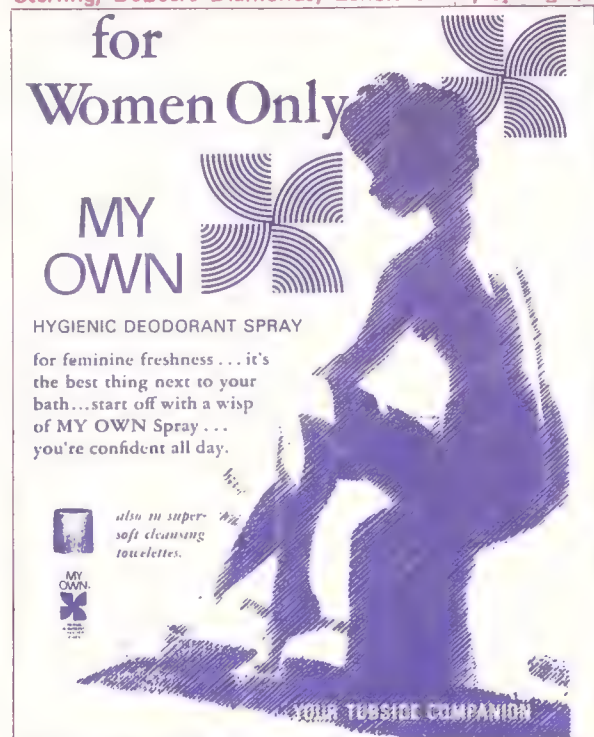
The "strength" of *Seventeen* is not that it informs or educates young women, but that it sells advertisers' products. The ad congratulates American industry for "investing" in these young women, much as if it were investing in some kind of medical or chemical research.

The focus of the advertising in *Seventeen* is fashion—clothes and cosmetics. The projected image is young, super-slim, tall, carefully made up to look "na-

tural," tastefully (and not inexpensively) dressed—usually white. (The women's magazines are beginning to capitalize on new beauty products for black skin. "Because black covers a multitude of skins, from butterscotch to deep mahogany," says one article in a popular magazine, "it's important to know the undercoloring...most black skins have red, yellow, blue, or gray undertones, so a foundation must be selected for its compatibility with these colors." *Eurekal* A whole new vista opened up.) Maybe one out of every twenty-five teenage girls fit the image—if that...the impossible teenager. But the youth market booms, and American girls move into their young womanhood with calculated insecurities about sex and boys and their own attractiveness.

In this country, a young woman's buying habits and personality develop side-by-side. Business assures that the two will not be separated. What a girl wears and what she puts on her face become as important—or more so—as what she studies in school or how she relates to other people. Advertisers dream that a girl would no more abandon her Revlon blusher or her Clairol Born Blonde—not to mention her eyebrow pencil—than she would abandon her fondest dreams, and maybe they're right?

Industry even helps formulate her dreams—Wallace Sterling, DeBeers Diamonds, Lenox China, Springmaid



linen circumscribe her life. The make-up, the clothes, the diets, the hair pieces and hair coloring for a girl all point to one goal—catching and keeping a man.

As the young female consumer grows, so does her spending power. Industry summons its resources to meet her new "needs." Whether she goes to college or to work, she is told she must maintain, even amplify, the image created for her as a teenager. At this age her magazines are *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, and *Cosmopolitan*.

*Glamour* calls her "the breakaway girl," independent, energetic, strongwilled and, of course, chic. *Mademoiselle* tells her she is "freewheeling" and she can flatter herself that she is independent—while being told what to wear to college. *Glamour* and *Mademoiselle* aim mostly for the college and post-college girl, but *Cosmopolitan*, recharged by Helen Gurley Brown, has become the working girl's version of *Playboy*. It uses the image of the sexually liberated young woman to sell products.

Magazines like *Cosmopolitan* belie the sexual liberation of American women. All the brave talk of sexual pleasure and the rights of women to pursue it mask thinly what the ads and articles are really talking about—how to trap a man. For instance, the lead article in the July *Cosmopolitan* last year was "39 Men Tell A Nice Girl Like You What Turns Them On." Another speaks of the best tactics to use in seducing a married man. The magazine rarely speaks of genuine love and affections among human beings. Women are encouraged instead to plot and scheme almost like advertisers themselves—only the product they sell is their own bodies. Many of the clothes and cosmetics—like bosom highlighter—give the girls, and the men, too, the illusion of being liberated. But they are only dehumanized.

A single woman's opportunity for consumption is nothing next to a married woman's. Once married, boundless horizons for buying are opened. The image is that of the pretty home-maker, lovingly choosing her family's bathroom tissue and toilet bowl cleaner.

"Marriage means good business, for every new household is a new consumption unit," says *TV Guide* in a *NY Times* ad in November of last year. "Nothing makes markets like marriage. There's setting up the house, and then all the future business of a family. All together, it's big business—appliances and house furnishings to bigger cars."

And if the housewife gets a headache with all those decisions about the color of her vinyl wall-coverings, or by the routine of mals-dishes-laundry, she can choose among headache-remedies and tension-easers like "Cope" and "Quiet World." Not to mention those soothing potions for her dishpan hands.

As Betty Friedan writes in the *Feminine Mystique*:

In all the talk of femininity and women's role one forgets that the real business of America is business. Somehow, somewhere, someone must have figured out that women will buy more things if they are kept in the under-used, nameless-yearning, energy-to-get-rid-of state of being housewives.

As a motivational research expert put it:

In a free market economy we have to develop a need for new products. To do that we have to liberate women to desire new products. We help them rediscover that homemaking is more creative than to compete with men. This can be manipulated. We sell them what they ought to want, speed up the unconscious—move along.

This man certainly understands that there is a gap in the housewife's life—and tries to fill it by selling her things.

Housewives are told, of course, that their work is meaningful and important. Mother IS important to the family. She is the protector—she sprays the sick room with Lysol disinfectant spray, cleans the toilet bowl regularly with Sani-Flush...guards against Housetosis. Of course her life has meaning. She keeps her family strong by feeding them Wonder Bread—"to make the most of their Wonder years." Where does she get her go? The kids feed her their Cheerios!

Though most advertising is aimed at the white, middle to upper-middle income American, industry will naturally sell to anyone as long as she pays the price. So we have scenes like the one not uncommon on New York Subways: a poor Puerto Rican woman, several children hanging onto her legs, baby in arms...reading the latest issue of *Vogue* or *Cosmopolitan*.

Young girls from poor families, many of racial or ethnic minorities, read *Glamour* and *Seventeen* and the others, too. They learn that the way a woman makes it is by looking like the models in the ads. And they spend a large part of their salaries on clothes, cosmetics, synthetic hair pieces, and the like.

If a woman can't afford all the regalia of success—the beauty products, the clothes, the appliances, the paper towels in decorator colors—she may see herself as a failure as a woman, inferior to the glamorous magazine creatures who swish around in long scarves, go on high protein diets, and decorate their living rooms in Spanish provincial. Too many women struggle to fit the industry image—and if they can't afford it financially, they can afford it less in terms of humanity.

An expert from *Forbes Magazine* (April 15, 1968) puts the whole crass process on the line: "One Harvard grad recalls his on-campus interview with a Proctor and Gamble recruiter several years back. 'We sell them because someone will buy them, not because they are socially good. If we could put shit in a box and the customer would buy it, we would sell that too.'"

An ad for the Magazine Publishers Association run in *Advertising Age*, April 21, 1969, helps clarify the intent of advertising:

"But Mother!" says a Beautiful Blonde wearing a nude-look fashion, "underwear would hide my accessories!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



There comes a time in every young, Red-blooded American's life when he receives a letter in the mail from his local draft board ordering him to take a test to determine his suitability for service in the Armed Forces of the United States.

When the young man comes out of shock, he will probably realize he's in a hell of a jam. He might avoid thinking about the physical until that fateful day.

If you are in that position, or you expect to be some day soon, don't black out. The time to worry about getting drafted is right now, so you can adequately prepare yourself. If you don't, you'll be a hairless, brainless grunt killing gooks in a swamp before you know it.

Army statistics show that over fifty per cent of the children who are ordered to report for a physical are rejected. That means your chances of flunking are at least fifty-fifty. The army also spends over \$20 million dollars each year in getting rid of people who should have flunked their physical but were rubber-stamped through. When you think about it, this gives you a pretty good chance to avoid induction day.

The physical is administered in this area at Chicago's Armed Forces Examining and Entrance Station (AFEES) at Jefferson and Van Buren. This is the most psychologically oppressive-looking building in the city. The entrance on Van Buren is a solid, four-storey windowless wall with a door carved out on the bottom. You have to walk up a narrow four-storey concrete staircase to the top, where you'll meet a maze of corridors and hallways. The walls are painted institutional green and grey; and you probably won't be able to distinguish the civilian doctors from the government kind.

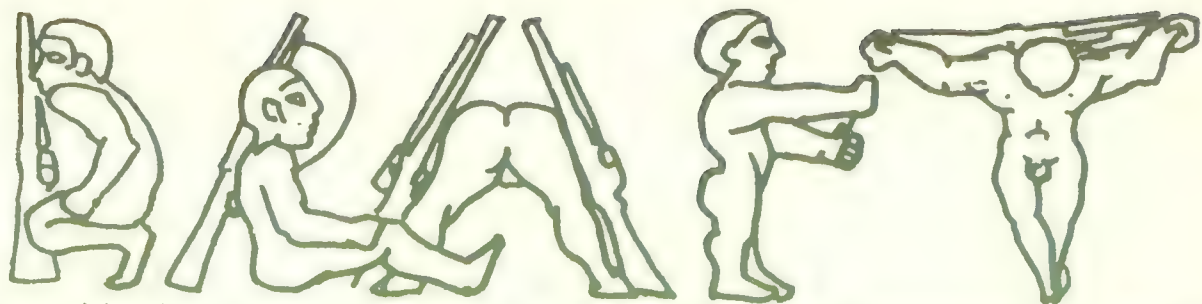
It isn't like army life up there. Enlisted men (who wear almost no insignias) rarely salute officers, nobody is marching or standing at attention. The center has quite a reputation—recently they passed a guy who had a hole in his skull the size of a silver dollar. Very few people are rejected there, some in spite of their blindness in one eye or missing kidney.

Your fellow pigeons are all nervous. Most look frightened. No one knows what to expect or how to meet the problems they will face. Even the people who enlisted are scared; most signed up because they were about to be drafted and they thought they would have an easier time in the Air Force or the Navy for four years than they would in the army for two. The kids who signed up for the Marine Corps did so for a variety of unsound reasons: they have nothing else to do and want to become "real men," or just happen to be psychopathic potential murderers who need to live up to the traditions set by such famous Marines as Lee Harvey Oswald and Gomer Pyle. They look nervous, too, and you can bet more than a few of them are having second thoughts.

## II Preparation

First, a bit of legal poop. Before you can be drafted, they have to give you a PRE-INDUCTION PHYSICAL, and they can't draft you within thirty days of that physical. If you ignore your pre-induction, you can get drafted without it, but only if you missed your date without notifying your local board and giving an acceptable reason. Nixon only signed this law a few months ago, but it has helped meet draft calls already. If for some reason you can't make it on the date given (usually three or four weeks after the notice was mailed), contact your local board immediately. You better have a good excuse.

Most draft boards in the area are so far backlogged



they won't be able to give you the official word of your passing for as long as three months.

Your order is very explicit, and you have to obey the instructions on it. However, the order doesn't tell you what you cannot do, particularly in the way of guerilla theatre and political education. Use your imagination.

Physicals are rushed, incompetent and incomplete. If there is something wrong with you, don't count on the government's ability to find it or to tell you about it if they do. So that you know the state of your own health, go to your parents' family doctor or some other doctor who has your medical history and have him or her give you a complete examination "leaving no place untouched." If the doctor finds anything in the least bit wrong, have the doctor write a letter explaining exactly what it is. Make several copies of the letter; send one registered mail to your local board, keep the other copies for future use (like appeals). Take the original to the physical and give it to the armed forces doctor at station 12.

Don't come to your physical high on anything—they have seen it all before and they will only keep you hanging around until you come down. They can even put you in Great Lakes Naval Hospital for three days for observation.

## III The Examination—Introduction

The exam consists of three parts: welcoming and form filling, the written test, and the physical exam.

There are colored lines everywhere, and everyone is following one of these colors. During the physical exam, you are only allowed to wear your shorts, unless you don't have any shorts on (godless hippies seldom wear shorts). If you are such a creep, they will order you to wear your pants. You'll look pretty weird being the only one wearing pants, especially if they are, say, store-bought red-white-and-blue flag pants. You will always be rushed around from one station to another, where you'll have to wait a long time. Slow down, you're not in the army yet.

After you get to the top floor, you will stand around in the waiting room for as long as an hour waiting for your name to be called. There is only one sign in the waiting room; it reads NO GAMBLING ALLOWED. Often some soldier will give you a little welcoming speech. He'll tell you to be quiet and that if you pass, you will probably be drafted into the Marine Corps within the next ten days. The idea is to get you to enlist, and there's no law that says you can't tell this asshole to fuck off.

When your name is called, you will be given a fistful of forms and sent to a room to fill them out, writing with an official U.S. Government Property pen.

The first form consists of medical history sheets, which, in addition to the name-address-birthdate-family information, has the "Have you had any of these diseases" list. The mental health part of this list asks you if you

wet your bed, have attempted suicide, have consistently used addicting or dangerous drugs, get seasick, have trouble sleeping, have back-aches, and other stuff like that. These are the things which get you in to see the shrink.

The security questionnaire is next; this is a list drawn up in the late 1950's which lists groups that some naive fool felt were subversive. Most of these groups went out of business before you were born, groups like the German-American Bund, Abraham Lincoln Brigade and several dozen Japanese or Jewish committees. The Communist Party U.S.A., Ku Klux Klan, American Nazi Party and Socialist Workers Party are on the list; the only modern revolutionary organization is the Industrial Workers of the World (headquarters at 2440 N. Lincoln Ave., stop by for a chat). The Black Panther Party, S.D.S., even S.N.C.C. are not on the list. If you've had any contact with these groups, you have to tell the government about contributions, meetings, and subscriptions to their publications. You can plead the fifth amendment, but they won't disqualify you for doing so.

They will also ask you if you belong to any organization not listed "which has as its goal the overthrow or destruction of our constitutional form of government." If so, you have to write an essay which would read like "Describe why you want to smash the state, in 500 words or more." You also win another security form which asks about every address you ever lived at, every school you ever attended, every organization you were ever a member of, every job you ever held. You get plenty of opportunity to spell out your politics.

The last question in the security form concerns those aliases you've been using all these years.

Next is a short form about your arrest record. You'll get a sheet asking you to list every bust and conviction you have ever had, including pending trial dates and probations. Unless you're still battling the courts or were convicted of something heavy like murder or sedition, they probably couldn't care less.

Finally, you'll get other forms which the doctors will use during the physical. You should read these forms so you'll know what to expect. You also get a brown paper bag—this is for your possessions. It is not for puking in when the going gets rough. Puke on your forms.

You will most likely be given the intelligence test next, although if it is a busy day you might have to wait until after your physical.

The intelligence test is geared so a monkey can pass it. The army believes you don't have to be any smarter than a monkey to be processed into a good soldier. If you passed the sixth grade, don't try to purposely flunk the test. Try your best—it might keep you out of the infantry and behind a desk.

You will be tested in vocabulary, math, logic (conceptualizing solid figures from diagrams), and mechanical tools. I doubt any desk-job seeking person would know a

→ 21







The Rev. Carl McIntire, Hon. Richard M. Nixon, and N. N. (nattering nabob) Sproul, Agnew cordially invite you to attend the

**FIRST ANNUAL ALL-STAR INTERFAITH YIP-IN AND VICTORY RALLY**

to be held in **Washington D.C.**, on the mall, **Saturday, October 3**, and featuring as special guest star, our man in Saigon, **NGUYEN CAO KY**

**SEE** the man trained by the French Air Force, who rose to prominence fighting his own people on the side of the French prior to 1954!

**HEAR** Ky "out Agnew Agnew" with such well-known witticisms as:  
 "I have only one hero—Hitler. I admire Hitler. . . . the situation here is so desperate now that one man would hardly be enough. We need four or five Hitlers." (7/4/65)  
 "I want to infuse in our youth the same fanaticism, the same dedication, the same fighting spirit as Hitler infused in his people." (7/16/66)  
 "Our last elections were a waste of time and money, a mockery. Most of those elected were not the men the people want, they do not represent the people." (on the 1967 Vietnam elections)

**LEARN** the secret blueprint of the Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell administration for the 1972 elections, as Ky outlines how he stayed in office during the turbulent, exciting 1967 South Vietnam Election year by:

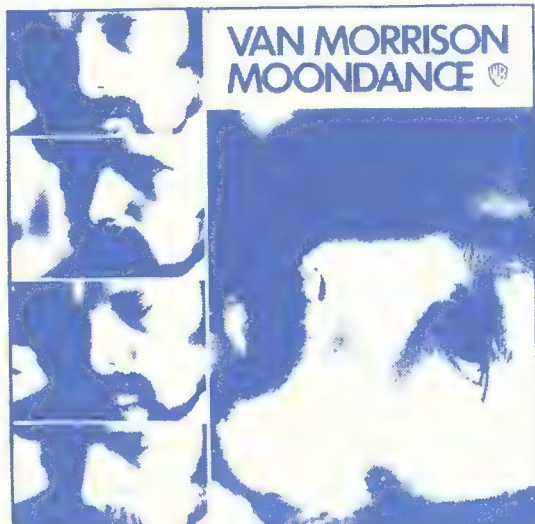
- exiling Duong van Minh and outlawing Au Truong Thanh, two of the most popular candidates
- closing three major Saigon newspapers that were critical of his administration
- arranging for one half million military personnel to vote twice
- removing from the ballot all candidates "who work directly or indirectly for communism or neutralism," some 200 of the 735 candidates running for constituent assembly
- imprisoning the front-running contender shortly after the elections on the grounds of treasonous activities

Walk (start now), hitch, go by car, bus, plane—charter your own bus in the name of your patriotic organization—but **DON'T MISS IT**

NLF flags will be presented free of charge to all who attend.

CALL FREE CITY EXCHANGE FOR MORE INFO

## Van Morrison still has "the album of the year"



"Moondance . . . (is) a masterpiece."

**Dan Goldberg, Record World**

"Nothing else could be as good as these ten (Moondance) tracks."

**Paul Nelson, Go Magazine**

"This is Van Morrison's second Warner Bros. album. His first, Astral Weeks, was perhaps the best album released in 1969 . . . This new album, entitled Moondance, is more of the same."

**Gary von Tersch, Fusion**

**On Warner Bros. Records  
and Ampex Tapes**



CON'D FROM PAGE 19

lot about tools; only on-the-field infantry types or mechanics would know this stuff.

The test is all multiple choice, I.B.M. college entrance type stuff.

#### IV The Physical Exam

You start off by stripping down to your shorts (if you're wearing them), putting all your possessions in the brown paper bag. The bag is just big enough to carry your wallet, address book, change, copy of Chairman Mao, and maybe two hundred political buttons. During one exam last October, half the examinees were wearing Yippee! buttons on their shorts. After taking your height and weight, you go through the labyrinth of examining stations. These ten stations test (in no particular order) urine, blood, chest x-ray, and others which require a bit more comment.

No matter how blind you are, you will probably pass the eye test in Chicago, possibly even with a doctor's note. You will have ample opportunity to bitch later on. The color-blindness test follows, but it's a pure shuck.

They will test your pulse and blood pressure. You'll be surprised how many people have high blood pressure at the time of their physical. You'll also be surprised how many of these people pass their exam anyway.

The "doctors" will check out your physical structure and muscular co-ordination. You go through some basic calisthenics, they'll feel your balls and look up your asshole (stick a flag in it), and generally look you over. Then they'll ask if you're missing anything. You should show them the stub, and try to bring the missing portion in.

The hearing test is your chance to have fun. You're wired to a machine and given a button to push. Whenever you hear a sound, you're supposed to press the button. You can hum "In-a-godda-da-vita," 'cause it won't make any difference. At the end, a card comes out of the machine with a graph on it, and everybody's graph looks pretty much the same. If you really are hard of hearing and have a doctor's letter to take the test straight, since there's no telling what those graphs will read in the hands of a skilled liar.

Your forms will have a place for a teeth check. I've never met anyone who has been given this test. I've had four physicals in the past year, and they never came near me with such an idea. You'll be surprised to learn you passed the teeth check at the end of the exam.

You get two doctor's interviews during the physical. The first comes mid-way through, and it is so thorough it will last nearly two minutes. He'll ask you questions about the diseases you checked on your forms. He'll also want to know all about those dangerous drugs you ingest—what kind, how much and how often. Grass and acid are so common they don't impress anyone, although downers, belladonna, psycybin, STP and smack do cause interest. Don't talk about shooting shit unless you have the track marks to prove it. Also don't have any stuff around your home for a week or two after your interview. Flunking your physical isn't worth starting to shoot up; no one can be that desperate. Even if you don't do a real lot of dope, it is hard to prove you're lying (you could bring in a note from your dealer). Flashbacks and permanent damage you might have suffered are impressive if documented by a doctor.

The next interview is at station 12 at the end of the physical. The doctor will look through your papers, ask you some questions, and decide if you should have any other tests. If you have any complaints tell them to him, although it might not do any good. If you have any doctor's letters, he's the guy you show them to. He decides whether you pass or fail.

If you're supposed to see the shrink, the doctor at the end of the maze will tell you so. You wait around in a classroom for a few hours with a lot of other people, mostly freaks. Finally, your name is called and you go to see some nice, friendly liberal-looking vulture who during a five or ten minute interview will decide if you are sane enough for the army. If you have attempted to kill yourself or have trouble sleeping or are actually doing any of those other things you checked off, tell him about it. Don't lie, because he can usually tell. Rap about drug flashbacks if you've been having them, talk about your bad trips and how they affected you.

If you think you might be eligible for a 4-F or 1-Y for psychological reasons, try to see an outside shrink before the examination. At least attempt to see a therapist at a mental health clinic.

The army shrink doesn't care about your hang-ups; all he cares about is if you can perform your duties in the armed forces, or if you'll freak out and kill the first lieutenant. By the way, did you know more first lieutenants are killed (percentage-wise) in Vietnam than any other grade? Ever wonder who fires the bullets?

After you have seen all the doctors, you go to get your papers stamped and processed at Station 13. On the way from 12 to 13 you'll pass a sign:

#### NOTICE:

THE OBJECTIVE OF THIS MEDICAL EXAMINATION IS TO FAIRLY AND IMPARTIALLY DETERMINE YOUR PHYSICAL QUALIFICATIONS FOR MILITARY SERVICE. IF YOU BELIEVE WE DID NOT EXAMINE YOU OR REVIEW YOUR MEDICAL PROBLEMS ADEQUATELY, REPORT TO ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE WITH ALL YOUR PAPERS AFTER COMPLETING ALL PROCESSING.

The administrative office is just off the hall from where you came up the stairs. The guy you should see is Captain Ohlseen. Remember, if they didn't tell you that you failed, you probably passed and this will be your only chance to get a 1-Y or 4-F before appeals. This is the place you nicely but firmly bitch your head off.

#### V Attitudes and Advice

The testing office has a guy whose sole purpose is to see if you are lying or faking on any of your tests. He's got all kinds of degrees and looks smart and young and acts like a nice guy. He knows his job and does it very well.

A lot of guys at the examining center are just serving their time; they hate the army more than you do, and have better reasons for doing so. They are in no position to flunk anyone at AFEES, so there is no cause to be bitter at them. Never treat anyone like a pig unless they've given you a damned good reason to earn that title. This also applies to many of the officers—they've made the mistake of trading in a year or two of their freedom for the bar on their shoulder. Of course, many also worship that bar and the authority that goes along with it. You will immediately realize they are pigs and should be treated accordingly.

Always remember: you are not in the army yet. You are not a soldier. You are under no obligation to follow orders that are irrelevant to your completing the examination. If you are very unruly, they might throw you out. You shouldn't leave until they say your physical is over in front of a witness. If you don't leave, they will call the police. The policemen will ask the commanding officer if your examination is over; if he says yes, the cop will ask you if you understand. You say you do (or ask questions), get the names of everyone involved, including the policemen, and leave. A few months later, you'll be scheduled for another physical, which can be a drag.

I suppose you could get busted for disorderly conduct this way, but I have never heard of that happening. A bust is a drag for AFEES as it delays and possibly cancels your eventual induction.

If you pass your physical, you can delay your induction over a year by going through the appeals process with your draft board. When your local board notifies you of your acceptance, you should file a notice of appeal within ten days. Contact a draft counselor to get a thorough understanding of the appeals process. Several draft advice



centers, like CADRE and American Friends Service Committee are listed in the "Good numbers" section of this paper. In addition, almost every college campus has draft counselling available.

If you really don't have any valid grounds for appeal, you can use the appeals time to delay your induction until it is convenient for you to go in. Basic training is a real drag, especially during the summer and winter months. In the meantime, read *GI Rights and Army Justice: the Draftee's Guide to Military Life and Law*, by Robert S. Rivkin (Grove Press, B-258, \$1.75). This book will inform you of your rights and what to expect in the army. You should use this book as a guide and, when in the army, inform your incarcerated brothers of their rights and encourage the brothers to stand up for them. If all soldiers stood up for their rights, the army would be destroyed within weeks.

Remember, your physical examination will be the greatest example of government inefficiency you will have directly experienced so far. If you meekly show up and let them run you through the maze like some rat, you will come out 1-A and be ready to go into the army. If you have any reason to suspect anything is wrong with you—any reason whatsoever—get it in writing by a doctor. Don't let them treat you like a slave, you won't be one until taking that step forward in front of that fucking flag. Pursue the appeals process if necessary. In the army or on the streets, know the rules of the Man's own game and use them to your advantage.

— Mike Gold

The purpose of this guideline is not how to dodge the draft but what to expect during your physical and how to use what is available to you. Remember the penalty for being caught dodging the draft illegally is five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine. Also remember the penalty for possessing grass is about twenty years in the clink and the penalty for murdering dozens of yellow skinned people in Vietnam and Cambodia and Laos is a medal for bravery. The penalty for getting killed while trying to murder gooks is the Congressional Medal of Honor.

CON'D FROM PAGE 18

It wasn't long ago that all exposure was indecent. Today it's in vogue. Admittedly spunky, but not spurned even in the safe suburb.

How did it happen? Magazines.

Magazines turned legs into a rainbow. Magazines convinced a girl she needed a flutter of fur where plain little eyelashes used to wink.

Magazines have the power to make a girl forget her waist exists. And the very next year make her buy a belt for every dress she owns. . .

Magazines help distressed damsels remake their wardrobes, faces, hair, body. And sometimes their whole way of being.

And the ladies love it. And beg for more.

When she gets involved with herself and fashion, in any magazine, she's a captive, cover to cover.

As cover-to-cover captives, we may not like spending all that money to revamp our faces and our clothes, but we're afraid not to do it. American women continue to carry a heavy social and economic burden that allows American corporations to expand markets and increase profits.

It is ironic that as little as many American women think of themselves, business things they're great. . . but only as a market, not as people. How can they? It is useless and absurd to ask giant corporations to think of women as human beings. . . they are programmed not to do that. Alice Embree clarifies the transformation of women as human beings to women as objects:

A woman is supposed to be a body, not a person—a decorated body. If she can successfully manage that transformation, she can market herself to a man. The commercial creates commercialized people who think of themselves as marketable commodities.

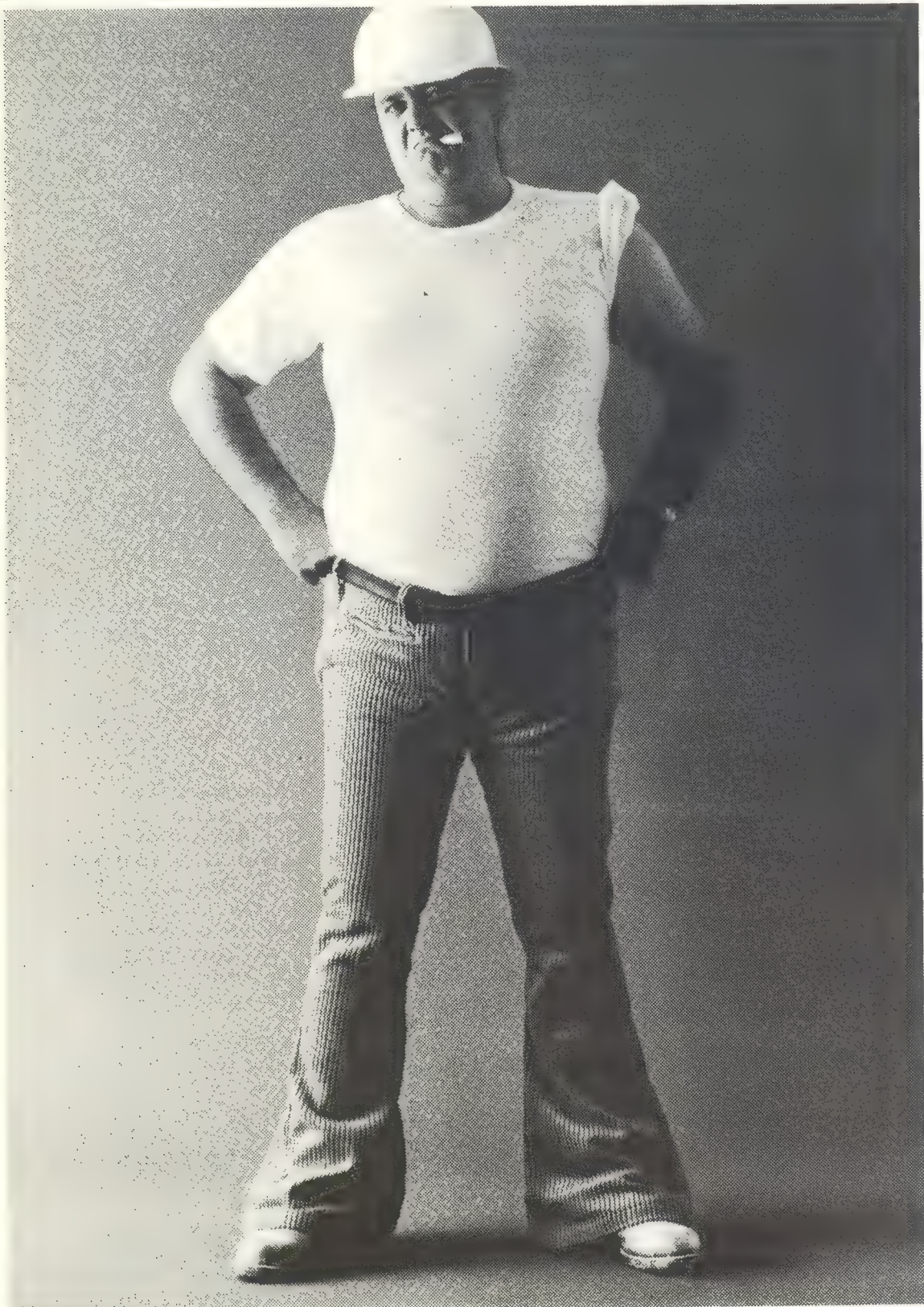
As long as business and technology are controlled by men pursuing profit and corporate expansion, human beings, especially women, cannot participate except as investments and markets.

reprinted from *Up from Under*, an adaptation of an article by a women's liberation group at Simon Fraser University in Canada



# BLACK SABBATH

[The group that's stood England on its ears. Number four first week out. Just out in America on the Warner Bros. label- and tapes, distributed by Ampex. Indulge yourself in the new English rage that's deservedly popular.]



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Thoreau



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Mick Jagger.



And Mick Jagger.

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Hear Mick Jagger sing his own song "Memo From Turner."

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**The ESQUIRE**  
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— CONT. FROM P. 4

This is called imperialism: Imperialism lets American companies get cheaply from other countries what they have used up and need at home; it lets them convert these countries into captives markets for over-priced American goods; it lets them get away with moving factories overseas and paying dirt-cheap wages to desperate workers who have no other choice.

There are about 1000,000 Indians employed in the big sierra mines..... (where conditions (minerals lie at up to 17,000 feet above sea level) and poisonous fumes make a man of thirty-five look sixty-if he has survived that long in the first place.

Many companies distribute coca (which produces cocaine when chewed) to the Indians before they enter the pits so as to render them semi-unconscious of dangers, hardships, and the internal pains the fumes create. (J. Gerassi, *THE GREAT FEAR IN LATIN AMERICA*, pg 129.

In Brazil, most of the good land is controlled by American companies like United Fruit, Standard Fruit, W.P. Grace Co. and Bank of America. These companies grow non-food cash crops, like coffee, in a country which should be one of the richest food producers in the world and instead is one of the poorest.

The almost predatory exploitations by the coffee planters have ruined a considerable portion of Brazil soil. In many areas, these abandoned coffee lands are so ruined that they can hardly ever be restored to crop production..... Therefore, the coffee plantations have always been on the march grabbing new land and leaving behind eroded or impoverished soils..... This march of the coffee plantations over the wide expanses of Brazil has been likened to a devastating giant wave..... In some of these early coffee regions the abandoned soil is so crisscrossed by ravines and gullies that it almost resembles a lunar landscape. (G. Borgstrom, *THE HUNGRY PLANTS*.)

Corporations have to make more things, and convince people to buy more, in order to keep making profits. They must keep growing.

America has the world's largest "Gross National Product." That means that America makes more things

than any other country in the world. And every year, the GNP gets bigger.

Twentypercent of America's industrial GNP is devoured by military production. Most of these war products—planes, missiles, ABM systems, submarines—are enormously expensive and are never used. They sit around for a few years and become "obsolete"; then new models are produced to replace them. On the other hand, to use these deadly weapons would bring on the death of the world—or at least of America.

Big corporations have made billions of dollars in profits from military production. For the rest of us, the cost has been enormous. It goes far beyond the 70¢ out of each tax dollar we pay that goes for war or war-related production. The industries of war—oil, steel, chemicals, plastics and manufacturing—are the dirtiest of all, and military production accounts for over 1/5 of their output.

There are other, less obvious ways in which we pay the price of an illogical system fueled by greed:

How much better off are we?

Businessmen are much better off. In the last 5 years, big corporations have grown 31%.

But inflation has crippled many of us. It's left us running on a treadmill. Many of us are even going backwards: working people can't even buy as much now as with their paychecks as they could 10 years ago.

Many of us are deeply in debt. American consumers are over \$98 billion in the hole. That works out to over \$2000 per family.

And the final price we pay for all the possessions and "conveniences" that they sell us runs a lot higher. The billions and billions of dollars worth of goods America produces every year exact a fearsome ecological toll.

Our cities are crowded, smelly, and ugly. There's less open land each passing year. Our health is degenerating: more people are getting degenerative diseases—which means their bodies virtually rot—at younger ages. Even life expectancy is decreasing. Our jobs are boring. We work harder and harder to pay our bills and end up making other people rich...

#### ALTERNATIVE

Things don't have to be this way.

Suppose America was really run for the benefit of

everyone. That would make it possible to plan very carefully how to use our land, resources and technology without ripping up our environment.

We could use things over instead of using them up. People would decide for themselves what their needs are and what should be produced.

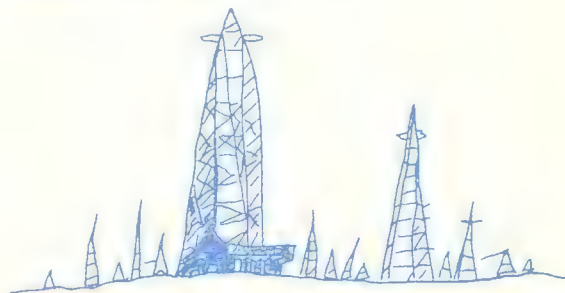
Things would be built to last: there's no reason why lightbulbs can't shine for years, and refrigerators run for a lifetime. The know-how exists right now, but most companies know that durable goods compete with fast profits.

We could get a lot of energy from cleaner power sources like solar power or "super-battery" fuel cells. These things aren't used now because they can't deliver the kind of power needed for enormous cities packed with people, or industries which crank out endless heaps of goods. But they would be perfect for smaller, spread-out cities that could be planned and built.

Even if some of the goods we need must be made by dirty methods and with dirty power, making only as much as we really need and not overloading any one area with factories would minimize the damage.

The rewards of technology need not be abandoned if technology is used selectively, and carefully. We don't have to go back to the horse and plow to escape death from the smokestack and culvert.

But this sounds like a wild dream. Not because these things are impossible—they could be started immediately. It sounds unreal because the men and the corporations that run the present system, and profit by it, insist that no other way of doing things is as good as what we have now. And they back up these claims with force when people try to change their system.



### The Nixon Dartboard: Up Against the Wall, Richard Milhous.

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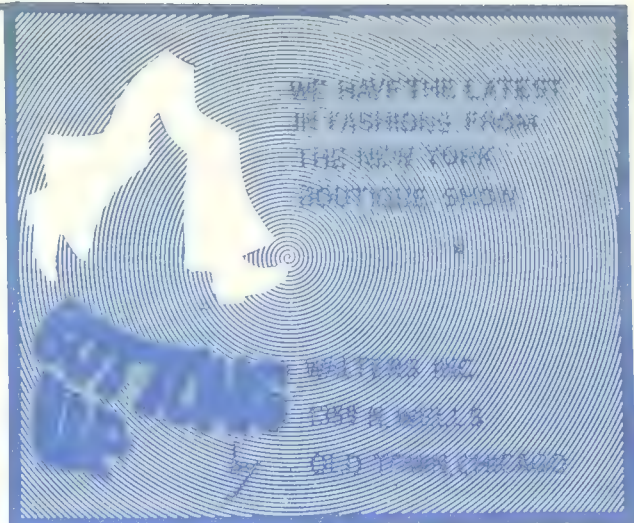
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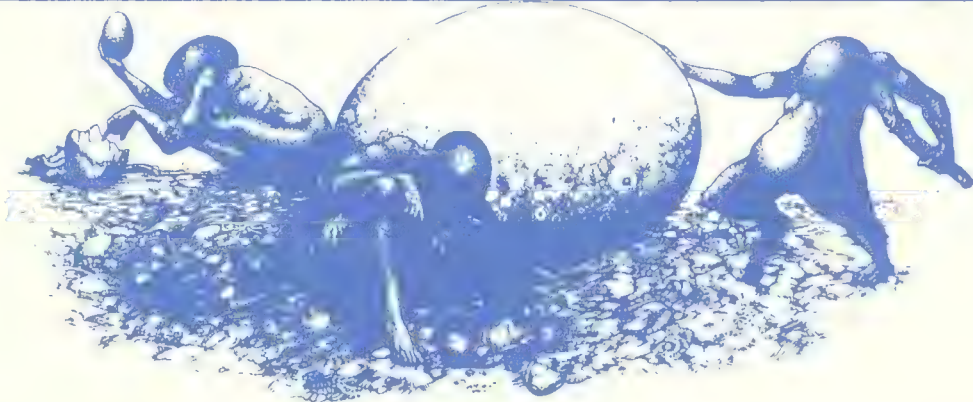
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## COMMUNITY

Sept. 21—CAMPAIGN AGAINST POLLUTION (CAP) will confront the Sanitary District Board of Metropolitan Chicago demanding that they end the \$15 million subsidies to industries such as Proctor and Gamble, Corn Products Comp., Campbell Soups; 100 E. Erie, 10:00 am. They welcome support from concerned citizens. For further info. call CAP, 929-2922

Sept 25—DEMONSTRATION—CHICAGO WELFARE RIGHTS ORG.—State of Ill. Building, 160 N. LaSalle at 10:30 am. The issue—Welfare Rights Mothers are demanding more funds for back to school clothing for children. Current clothing allowance is \$9.78 per month for teenagers and \$6.38 for 6-12 year olds. Does not meet children's needs.

Sept 25-27—SDS MIDWEST CONFERENCE at the U. of Chicago, Cobb Hall, 59th and Ellis. for info call 472-8746.

Sept. 26 (Sat.) at 5:30 pm: DO SOMETHING ABOUT PEACE—Grant Park. Singing and chanting, Peace Power, Peace to the People.

Sept 27—MEN AGAINST COOL (MAC) Men's conference to discuss erasing sexism, changing men's views of masculinity, and restructuring of sexual roles. Resolutions will be made. At Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, Fullerton and Geneva Terrace, 3 pm. call 477-9771 for further information.

Gay Lib Rap Sessions are on every Thursday. Call 337-0579 for information.

## THEATRE

HARPER COURT MULTI-MEDIA THEATRE, Harper Galleries, 5210 S. Harper Ave. opening Sept 14 for six weeks only. Open every night 7:30 & 9—Weds. 7:30 only. Features a variety of plays, music, etc. Call MU4-1173 or 538-8093 for program info.

THE BAROQUE COMPASS PLAYERS, usually appearing at the Harper Theatre Coffee House every Friday and Saturday night, will be vacationing until Sept. 25, when they reopen with their regular 9 and 11 o'clock shows.

The New Chicago City Players present 'Mason Williams Reading Matter' starting Sept. 11 at the Wellington Ave. Church, 615 W. Wellington. Time Fri. -8:30, Sat. - 2:30, 10:30, Sun. - 3:00. Admission - \$2.00.

The Old Town Players, 1718 N. North Pk., Presents the original Chi. script of 'One Two San Shi,' opening July 31. Performances are Fri. & Sat. at 8:30pm and Sun. at 7:30 pm. thru Sept. 20. All seats are \$2.00. Reservations-- call 645-0145.

The Organic Theatre is moving its presentation, 'The Odyssey' by Homer to the Body Politic Theatre, 2251 N. Lincoln Ave. for the summer. There will be 8:30 performances on Weds., Thurs., Fri and Saturday nights. (10:30 show also on Sat. night). Tickets are \$2.50 Weds thru Fri. \$3 on Sat. Student rates on Weds. & Thurs nights are \$1.50. For reservations, call 477-1977.

Second City, 1616 N. Wells, presents 'Cooler Near the Lake' Tues. thru Thurs. at 9pm Fri & Sat 8:30 & 11, Sun at 9. \$2.95-\$3.95 Improvisations are free and follow the eve. performance every day but Friday.

Kingston Mines Theatre Co., 2356 N. Lincoln, will present 'The Year Before the Penant' by John Ford Noonan from July 17. Prices are \$2.00 on Fri. & Sun., Sat. \$2.50. For further info & reservations call 525-9893.

## CALENDAR

## MUSIC

Sept 19—GREAT LAKES PEOPLE LIBERATION FESTIVAL—at Foss Park, N. Chicago, north of Great Lake Naval Base at 1:00 pm. Featuring ten bands playing and guerrilla theatre group, speakers from Women's Lib, MDM, Nat. Committee to Combat Fascism. Sponsored by MDM-for further info call 689-2525.

ALICE'S REVISITED, 950 W. Wrightwood has new hours. Open Mon-Thurs, 4pm to 1 am, Friday 7pm-2am, Sun. 2-midnight. Sept 25 & 26, blues with Jimmy Dawkins. For more information on program call 528-4250.

LONELY HEARTS DANCE, presented by Jean Wiles, Queen of Monarch Youth program. Dance contest & live entertainment. Weekly, starting Sun. Sept. 27 from 5pm to midnight at Velvet—Night Club, 5953 W. Division

Oct. 2—BENEFIT DANCE FOR PONTIAC 4. Several rock bands, at IWW hall, 2440 N. Lincoln. call 427-3072 for further info

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## PLACES TO BE

KOFFEE HOUSE, Mont Clare & Foster, near Harlem Ave., St. Monica's School Hall, Sunday only, 7pm—?, 50¢ admission 18yrs and up. A good place to rap, entertainment & refreshments.

If you're under 21 and cannot get into the Blues Bars the next best thing is Mojo. 18 new releases and everyting in Mojo. Interviews with blues folk. Host Cary Baker, Tues 7:30 pm on WNTH radio,, 88.1 FM

The Earl of Old Town features live folk music nightly, 1615 N. Wells, 9-4 am.

The New Quiet Knight is at 953 W Belmont featuring the finest music, drinks food, soft drinks, coffee...ample parking nearby. Tues is blues nite with Siegal/Schwall. Call 348-9509 for more info.

The College of Complexes presents guest speakers every Sat. night at 9pm. Cost is only \$1. The College is located at 105 W. Grand. For further info call 664-4440.

The Community Arts Foundation invites Chicagoans to 'come and play' theatre games every Sun. at 3pm. Admission is \$2. Call 525-1052 for info or reservations.

Zodiac, 2938 W. 63rd St., Chicago nr. Marquette Pk. - coffeehouse, music, drama every weekend. Donation of 50¢ if you have it. Phone: 776-0130.

THE BARBAROSSA, 1117 N. Dearborn features fine folk music, drinks, etc., every night at 10:30, also later shows on weekends. Call 528-7464 for more info.

The Abraxas Coffeehouse, 1315 W. Loyola Ave. is open most nights at 8 pm and features drink, conversation, music, poetry, art, etc. Phone is 743-9565.

Antigone Coffeehouse, 419 Lincolnway (basement of teen center, entrance in alley) La Porte, Ind., Sat. 8-12pm. Folk music, improv, and all around fun & food. Admission only 75¢.

The Blue Gargoyle at 5655 S. University holds Hoot and Rap sessions every Wed & Thurs nite. Call 955-5826 for more information.

The Other Door Coffee House, 3124 Broadway, is open daily 7pm to 2am, on Weds. at 9pm - open discussion, on fri. at 9 open poetry reading. FREE MUSIC.



The New Product Line coffeehouse in Arlington Hts is open Fri. 8-12. Live entertainment and recreation at 500 E. Miror. Call 255-8850 for more information.

The Diocese of Chicago of the Universal Life Church Coffee House, 1049 W Polk, gets it on nightly. Sounds weekends, "It's open when the light's on."

It's Here coffeehouse 6455 N Sheridan features folk singers & satirists, Fri-Sun. Doors open at 7:30, shows at 8 & 10:30, \$2.50 per person 75¢ min. Call SH3-9781 for more information.

Garden of Olive, 1555 W Devon, 6300 N (Ashland-Devon-Clark) Free coffee, tea, raps. Tues. nights features lectures (informative not bullshit) on drugs by George Peters. Open 6:30 to midnight everyday. Phone 465-9474.

Kingston Mimes Co. Store, 2356 Lincoln, good food, open 3 pm-3 am Mon-Thurs, Fri. Sat., Sun. all night. On Tues. features improvisational theatre, Weds-movies, weekends folk jam sessions, etc.

Saturday's Child Coffeehouse 212 Lincoln. Porter Ind (get off Ind. Toll Rd at Chesterton) Fri & Sat 8-12 pm open stage Fridays continuous entertainment & food. \$1.25.

## ...TRIPPY PLACES

MUSEUM OF SCIENCE & INDUSTRY—Open daily 9:30 am-5:30 pm, Mon. - Sat.. Free admission. E. 57th St. & S. Lake Shore Dr. Phone- MU4-1414.

If you have anything you want printed in the Calendar, just send it in, it's free. Send to Calendar, Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood, or call 929-0133.

ADLER PLANETARIUM AND ASTRONOMICAL MUSEUM—changes of a whole year in a few minutes. Open 9:30 am to 5:30 pm everyday, Tues and Fri til 9:30 pm.

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JOHN HANCOCK BLDG' OBSERVATORY Open 9am-12pm. On a clear day you can see forever. \$1.25 adults, 75¢ children. Can't miss the bldg.

## ART

"CONTEMPORARY FINE ART POSTERS" is the Sept. exhibition at the Union building of U. of Ill. Med. Center, 828 S. Wolcott. Toulouse-Lautrec, Chagall, many others.

## CLASSES

YOGA—enlightenment for mind and body. Classes at N. Clark Hotel, 1936 N. Clark. Beginning Sept 22, Tues & Thurs, 10am & 6pm. For info call 528-3532.

FREE UNIVERSITY COURSE ON ALLEN GINSBERG, starting Wed. 9-23 at 8 pm at The Other Cheek Commune, 815 Wrightwood. For info call 477-9771 and ask for Emily or Mark

Political education classes on revolutionary Marxism are being held every Tues & Thurs at 7:30pm at 1210 W. Wrightwood, 3rd floor. Come and rap about revolutionary alternatives to this fucked up system.

THE ENSEMBLE, a combined dance and theatre co. from SF will open its studios in modern dance and modern acting Sept 22 at the Uptown Center—Hull House, 4520 N. Beacon. For further info call 769-0601

THE ALLISON THEATRE DANCE CENTER features classes on dance—ballet, jazz and modern. For info call Bill Gilmore at 332-5923. The Dance Center is more at 332-5923. The Dance Center is located at 17 N. State, Stevens Bldg, suite 1902.

The Peoples School, 4409 N. Sheridan, is having liberation classes featuring courses such as Philosophy, Music, Occult, Photography, Earth Class, Street Medicine, Afro History, Creative Writing, ect. absolutely free on Mon. - Thurs. For further info call 561-6737.

The La Dolores Center, 2150 N. Halsted Ave., sponsors community services for women including Women's History Workshops every Thurs. at 8pm. Also sponsors day care and children's theatre. Call 935-0324 for further info.

Free U. in Lincoln Pk. every Weds. at 7:30 pm. Call Steve or Mark at 477-9771 for all info.

The Women's Revolutionary Art Co-op is just starting to get together. Based on the idea that anyone can be an artist, its purpose is to help increase natural artistic ability. For further info call 642-9456.

The Village School of Folkmusic, 631 Deerfield Rd., in Deerfield, Ill. teaches courses in American traditional folkmusic (guitar, banjo, autoharp, mandolin, voice, dulcimer and recorder). The school also has a complete selection of instruments, music books, and accessories. For further info call 945 5321.





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## lit.

People into ecology (I hope this means everybody) - there are a couple of publications to check out - 'Ecology:Me' & 'Afoot', both available for \$1 each or on request (to be billed later) from Moving On, P.O. Box 624, Mendocino, Cal. 95460.

## gigs

Responsible male, 21, is willing to do any kind of work- am married & in need of money, call Larry at 472-0687 or 626-8218.

Spanish man is in need of someone to teach him English. Does speak some English. Will pay. Write Carlos Jackson, P.O. Box 66422 Chicago, Ill., 60666.

Help Wanted: 5 girls to work days & same for nights taking phone orders for record co. in Loop. Starting immediately for approx. 1 mo. Call Bob at 236-0044.

Man, 26, available to do part-time work (moving, loading, repairs) involving manual labor. Call 973-7153.

Longhair needs bread. Will move people- have Falcon bus- call 327-6804 eves.

Man, 26, available to do manual labor work, e.g. moving, repairs. Have car, energy. Call 973-7153 if interested.

Commune needs babysitter for one-year old, five afternoons or three full days per week, \$15.00 a week. Call Shirley or Melene 338-7149.

## for sale

For sale: Guild bass guitar, solid body, 2-pickup. \$250.  
Gretsch White Falcon guitar- \$350.  
Call Wilderness Road at w275-2764.

Beginner guitar and amp. for sale. \$15.00 for both. Like new. Call Frank at 285-1229. Must sell before Oct. 1.

For sale: Air conditioner- Chrysler air temp., 220 volt, used 3 weeks. Excellent condition. Will install. Guaranteed. Call Richard Freer at 973-7153.

For sale: \$120 stereo; Sound on Sound, tape deck.  
\$90. 6-string acoustic guitar.  
Call Tony at 656-6730.

For Sale: 100 watt AM-FM stereo receiver, Garrard turntable with cabinet, Could combine jacks, also headphones, and a total of 4 speakers, need \$150. badly, everything in good shape. Call Jim at 254-7535.

Truck for sale. 1963 International Metro \$500 Call Bill at 227-6685.

For sale: Chrysler air-temp air conditioner, 220 v., used for three weeks.  
Groovy candles also for sale. Call 973-7153.

Classical guitar for sale. G-10 Gage all for the price of \$85. Is in fantastic shape. Also small portable Harmony Amp. - \$40, loud for its size. Call Ron at 327-8803 or Kevin at 955-0483.

US Mail truck painted purple, 3/4 ton, is a nice camper, carpeting, & paintings, good for parties, splitting or just living in, owner getting drafted, must sell, will accept best offer- 725-5185.

For sale: Chevy school bus camper. New engine, stove, hot & cold water, refrigerator. Sleeps 8, equipped like home. Many more extras. Call 629-1808.

## help!

Anyone finding poetry blowing down Division St. please return to Patti Hunt, 37 E. Division St., Apt. 2a. It means a great deal to her.

A cut-off brother wants to meet freaks in the Humboldt Park -pBeth El Lutheran Church area. Box 5100, Seed.

# INTERCOURSE

Needed: people to help prevent Commonwealth Edison from obscenely raping 3000 acres of super great farmland with another machine. What they're doing is unnecessary and to help prevent them write 'Com Ed Eats' in care of Dan Ursini, 1901 Boyce Ln. Ossawa, Ill.

My bicycle was stolen. I want another one. Will pay inexpensive price for bicycle you don't think was stolen from someone else. Call 929-0133 and ask for Bernie.

People of Chicago, all of you on N. Side! It's lonely as hell here in S.D. If you know me, or even if you've heard of me, please write Alan Medley, 2508 Valley Dr., Rapid City, S.D. 57701

Alice's is in need of books for a community library they are starting. Especially need textbooks & foreign language books. Bring them to 950 W. Wrightwood.

A new headshop (and underground info center) is being started in Moline (Quad Cities) at 813 18th St. We need your help to survive. Any relevant literature will be appreciated. Write Dave Burdette.

## wanted

I need place to live within walking distance to Lincoln Park Zoo or will share apt. or house or whatever. Call Kerry Stein, 386-6725.

Looking for room-mate to share 3 room apt. \$70.00 a month - is not a crash pad. Contact Seed, Box 43.

Need an apt. under \$100 - neighborhood of or near Lincoln & Fullerton. Call Diane at 274-4622 after 6:30.

8 of us need a large house to rent preferably in Lincoln Park area. Call Donna, Laurie, or Richard at 528-8279.

Roommate wanted to share flat in Hyde Pk. \$10 p/wk. Write Coin Manuele, c/o Seed, Box 400.

Wanted: someone to rap with. In order to stay young, I need young thoughts, young ideas. I need to be hip to Women's Lib, White Panthers, Gay Lib, Communal living, where all of us are headed, current events interpretations, etc. Someone 17-24. Call Yusuf 955-6900 Rm 629 eves.

Wanted: Double bed in good condition. Write: Marice Siegel, 3108 Eastwood, Chi. 60625.

Wanted: Used potter's wheel. Kickwheel or Tabletop electric type. Call Mary Kay at 262-3907.

Wanted: Drummer for tight, heavy blues rock rock group. Doesn't have to be flashy - just tight. Call MU52937.

Need people for large house at 2100 N. Sheffield, Furnished, rent about \$60-\$65 per month.  
Also, kittens, for free. Groovy, very evolved souls. Call 472-2760.

Wanted: Drummer with no 'hangups' for Grand Funk type and original material immediate work- call 549-6854 & ask for Chi Coletrane.

Wanted: handmade goods on consignment. We keep 1/3 for selling. Need clothes, beads, leather, etc. Call 929-3876 or 525-9761. Dawn of Creation, 3151 N. Southport. No rip-off.

Wanted: someone who is willing to teach star. Call GR5-3508.

Wanted: Manufacturers of all head items, roach clips, leather goods, jewelry, beads, clothes, etc. To be sold in South Side shop shop. Call Mike at 925-7366. (morn's if possible)

## misc.

1 toy Shepherd-fox Terrier. Free to good home. She is preg. & due in 4 to 7 weeks. Inquire at 901 W. Wrightwood, Bsm. Apt. Ask For Lee.

Free City University Course about communes as alternative life style beginning Oct. 1, 7:30 pm in Rogers Park. Requires only your interest in a better way to live. Call Melene or Shirley 338-7149.

Male, 43, wishes a male friend to share outdoor activity such as hiking, athletics. Please write John Leonard in care of the Seed, Box 77.

Free - 1 white people trained rabbit as pet. Inquire at 901 W. Wrightwood after 12:00. Basement apt. side entrance

We do cheap printing - color work, camera work & shipping. Call Angelo at 458-2746.

A new group has just formed to discuss the advantages of communal living. The possibilities of forming an urban commune with an orientation towards personal growth will be examined. The proposed commune will use encounter techniques and other humanistic psychology ideas to help develop a sense of community. For discussion time and place, call: Doug Hematreef, 642-2607.

Psychic will give readings on questions, problems, etc. Trained in psi. Donation will be appreciated. Contact John Quigley, c/o Seed, Box PSI.

Sensitivity training weekend workshop on South Side. Nov. 13-15. For more info call MI3-0800, ext. 2363 or 2365 before Nov. 6. Fee: students-\$25. Non-students- \$30.

2 free kittens. Call 935-8672.

2 hip English chicks wish to correspond with American males in late teens or early twenties.

Pauline Johnson  
19 Orchard Ave.  
Bedfont, Feltham, Middlesex - England

Carol Johnson  
30 Fawns Manor Rd.  
Bedfont, Feltham, Middlesex, England.

Live in a commune in black-and-white South Shore. Men and women share cooking, house-keeping equally. Near Co-op school. Food- \$12. a week. Rent, Utilities \$50-\$60 a month. Call Moe or Doreen, 731-4675.

Photo workshop - learn photography on an individual basis. Darkroom facilities will be provided. Learning use of camera, printing, etc. For more info call Ruyell Ho at 337-0421 0421 - leave your name & number.

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## messages

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Vikki Springer Springer, 5' 1", light brown long hair, glasses, please contact us. We want Vikki home very much. Contact Seed, Box 234.

SHERRY NANETTE DAVIS OF CONYERS, GEORGIA: Please call home soon as possible- very important.

Helen S. (12) - We love you dearly. All is forgiven. Please call "Dampitz".

Paul Dittmeyer, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, call Pat at SU4-1132. I have his specs.

Terri Wilson—contact your mother. She's worried that she hasn't heard from you in three weeks. IN8-8200, 849-7889.

Would the driver of the jeep which gave a ride to a girl and two children at the Goose Lake festival please contact Ann at 744-2262 between 9 and 5:30 about a bag left in your jeep. Thank you.

## music

Chick singer: wants group to get it together with. Call Sandy at 383-7661.

Soon to be recorded group needs bassist for soul & rock frenetisms. Call Ron at 327-8803 or Kevin at 955-0483.

Need person or persons to manage rock group and invert money for equipment (about \$5000) Call 339-0661 after 4 or 333-4945 before.

Needed for acoustic group: one guitarist (lead & rhythm). Female singer (Blues, ect.) Call Barry for more info 528-5847.

Beatle freaks join 'Spread Beatle Luv' Only 75¢ or 13 stamps. Rap to Paulie, c/o 'Spread Beatle Luv', 1017 Elm St., Webster City, Iowa, 50595.

Regular rock band needs kids to back us up. Will be in on anything the group is in on - dances, parties, etc. Also pay on good days. For further info call 483-4933 or NE 1-8386 between 5 & 10pm.

## rides, places

Need hitch-hiking partner West (Colo. or Calif.) as soon as possible. Contact Kathie c/o seed, Box THUMB

Need male or female to go with me to Mexico & West Coast, you don't need much bread. For more info call Tom at 544-7303.

Mark Warren wants a ride to Pensacola, Fla. or south of there. Call 549-4954.

Need ride to Kansas, Sept 22-23. 477-9771

Need ride to Denver. Rich, 964-5145

THIS IS A COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD, NOT A CLASSIFIED AD SECTION. THIS SERVICE IS FREE, BUT NOT ALL NOTICES CAN BE RUN FOR THE UPCOMING ISSUE IF THEY'RE RECEIVED TOO LATE. IF YOUR AD IS DATED, SEND IT IN ABOUT ONE MONTH BEFORE THE DEADLINE DATE, SO AS TO ASSURE ITS APPEARANCE. WE ACCEPT CONTRIBUTIONS FOR RUNNING THE NOTICES. WE'VE TRIED TO ELIMINATE RIP-OFFS' LEGAL TURN-ONS' MODEL ADS, DATING SERVICES, HIP CAPITALIST CRAP, AND GENERALLY QUESTIONABLE STUFF. WE STILL CANNOT VOUCH FOR THE SINCERITY OR LEGITIMACY OF ADS, AND IF YOU STILL GET RIPPED OFF, LET US KNOW. ADS ARE NOT ACCEPTED OVER THE PHONE—BRING THEM IN OR MAIL THEM. WHEN YOU GIVE US THE AD, INCLUDE A PHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS WHERE WE CAN REACH YOU IF THERE IS A QUESTION. THEY CAN BE WITHHELD FOR THE ASKING. WE MAY ASSIGN SEED BOX NUMBERS TO ADS OF A POSSIBLY PERSONAL NATURE TO ELIMINATE CRANK PHONE CALLS, ETC. IF YOU STILL HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, CALL DAVID AT THE SEED.





There is the immense task of creative construction to be done, the task of building the new order in the standing ruins of the old, the task of building the life culture up from the ground and all the way out into the universe...

John Sinclair/pol. pris.

G. and M. are 23 and 19. They're legally married, mainly because their parents wanted it that way. She goes to school, he's a pretty good film-maker.

They get high. They wear bells. They rap with a group of friends about starting a collective living arrangement, but the plans always go up in puffs of Acapulco smoke.

They are well-intentioned people. They get up-tight, but never come down on the freaks who crash in the living room night after night. Guests have blown the engine on their car, fucked up their furniture, ripped them off for meals and money.

G. and M. plan to leave the country. The pressures building in this society have driven G. into an asylum twice in the last five years, and M. prefers "dining out" to tightening up. Because G.'s father is a wealthy man, they'll be able to split in the near future. Their buddies will have to be content watching the boat fade into the horizon.

There is a group of people in a city near Chicago. They live in a student ghetto, but no longer go to school. They live in a commune, an arrangement in which the people involved make joint decisions and do things together to further their social and political goals. In this house, decisions are made by everybody. Work and money are divided according to those decisions. Possessions are held in common, used as needed, or rotated. Knowledge is put to use in the house, among the other communes in the city, or in the physical neighborhood instead of on a job working for someone else's profit.

The people who live in the house rap regularly. House problems are discussed first, but it never ends there. Topics range from power trips, sex games and evasion of shitwork to how to best alert the community to the need for radical change. They are seen as both head and political in nature; neither is neglected. An atmosphere of togetherness prevents criticism from turning into surgery. People speak and act because they have an equal share in the house and its projects, because they want to play a part. Competition is minimized by no one person owning enough to make others dependent on him or her, and by immediate snuffing of know-it-alls.

Because an eight-member house, a cooperative store, and other community activities take a lot of time, the people in this commune have mixed feelings about groovers. The same forces formed all kinds of freaks, and this house has come past wanting only to get high and fuck (only) and gotten into what amounts to community organizing. Instead of merely screening out the fears and nightmares lurking outside the door, they've decided to try and turn things around. They know that long hair guarantees nothing and that living together has to be more than a cosmic buzz oblivious to problems down here on the first bardo of for-real reality. They expand consciousness both through psychedelics (when there's good shit in town) and through learning and doing things. They get back into the bodies that technology tried to rip off through exercise, meditation and crafts instead of spinning a cocoon out of downers. They take acid, but know that if what's going down is a movie it can have a tragic ending. They don't goof on people experiencing heavy changes for the first time or the straight people down the block who know that good vibes ain't groceries. For these reasons, casual crashing is discouraged and house members appreciate being asked about old friends and political acquaintances.

I mentioned that the commune has a cooperative food store. Straights and freaks mingle, since the place is a block from a white ethnic neighborhood. Housewives leave their babies for the day, hippies plan concerts for the nearby park. There are rap sessions on the role of big business in farming, DDT, and organic food. It's common knowledge that the store is anti-profit, and a linkup with a farm that allows produce to be sold for lower prices than the nearby chain store is seen as proof that an alternative can work in a decentralized setup. There was talk of supporting the store by dealing; this was vetoed and money now comes from part-time jobs and the store's own income.

After making sure about time and work requirements, some of the commune people do other things. One girl who works as a part-time nurse to help support the store and the house also teaches a first-aid course. Another works with a group on a newsletter to hook up all the communes in the area. A guy teaches judo and less asthetic but just as effective ways of self-defense. Everyone in the house has become friendly with and learned from people in the neighborhood even as they have met with freaks and straights to talk about the war, racism, and revolution.

These people have dropped out only to drop in again—but this time committed to radical change. They are trying to live lives based on openness, sharing and joy. They are trying to build institutions in support of these values: newsletters, free schools, bail funds. And, to quote John Sinclair again, because

...you are going to sound awfully fucking stupid trying to tell the heroic Vietnamese people that "the war is over if you want it" while they are being burned and bombed and blown out of their pitiful little huts and fields, you are going to sound awful goddam dumb telling that to Huey P. Newton...these people are not going to look on you as their friends when the people's inevitable response to the crushing repression of domestic imperialism starts; they are not going to be persuaded by a joint and a peace sign...

they are trying to construct a liberated zone that follows laws agreed upon by the community and resists those laws and acts that the citizens of the zone find oppressive, reactionary and genocidal.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first commune I lived in violated almost every imaginable guideline. The site was a three-story ramshackle ex-whorehouse on LaSalle Street. It lacked adequate heating and needed a month's work to set up decent plumbing and a full quota of floors. The basement looked like the studio where Dracula's Revenge was filmed, half of the first floor was a lumber yard, and the amount of dust made us feel like characters from Grapes of Wrath. There was more repair work to do than people who knew how to do it and not enough money to call in professionals, so many was the time we sat around watching space heaters flicker on and off and rats practice maneuvers in the back yard. The building was condemned the first time the inspector was sent around; we couldn't even call it political harassment.

We rented this thing because we hungered to live together. The landlord wasn't antifreak, mainly because he could hardly believe that anybody would voluntarily live in his slum. Located as we were on two business streets, the edge of a ghetto, opposite Sandburg Village and along the main route used by the 18th District, our secret retreat was known to the authorities about six minutes after the first tenant moved in. Within two weeks, we had been visited by the Gang Intelligence Unit, the local police, and the FBI. It seemed like the only thing keeping us alive was a jurisdictional dispute between the different pigs. Mao Tse-Tung says that it's good to swim in the sea, to be able to blend into your

surroundings. By those standards, we were located in the middle of the Gobi Desert.

When you look for a place, make sure that it fulfills most if not all of the criteria in the checklist at the end of this article. Check with People's Law (929-1880), Concerned Citizens Survival Front (348-6842), the Young Patriots (334-8975), or the Counter-Cultural Law Project (649-8576) for information about how to get around zoning hassles, urban removal and having to bribe the building inspector. Examine the situation in your area and try to move where you won't compete with oppressed people for scarce housing. Try for a neighborhood where it's possible to organize for better conditions and strike to dramatize absentee ownership of private, substandard property.

A strong argument against communal living is that, by putting all your eggs in one basket, you make it easy for the pigs to smash them. Raids on Panther houses are proof of the danger that openly living together holds for those actively at war with the government, and dope busts are always a hazard for visible freaks in Chicago. In our case, moving as we did shortly after the murders of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, we talked at length about weapons. Speeches on behalf of our right to self-defense were countered by arguments that we wouldn't have a chance if the deal went down. When the raid finally came—four months later—the gun had left, a victim of doubtful registration and low calibre.

Our whole attitude toward force was hampered by inexperience and blinded by ideology. We talked often about police violence, but the heaviest case of physical danger came from a reactionary attack by a citizen who thought it would be cool to rape one of us in the back alley. Fortunately, a horrorshow was avoided, but our lack of fighting training and collective response was off the wall. Oh yes: while the shit was going down, not even the pro-gun people could remember where the rifle was hidden.

Whatever you decide as policy about weapons, be prepared to stand (or fall) with it. Don't get into a he-man trip over them; they're weapons, not penises. Discuss the pros and cons of registration and people's willingness and ability to use guns in emergencies. If you do decide to arm, make sure that gun safety rules are obeyed and that people get good at pointing them in the right direction. Never goof off with weapons or brag about arsenals (alleged or real). Know which guns are good for what purpose. Get gun cards so that everybody can practice at a range and buy ammunition (applications at the nearest currency exchange). Establish an outdoor stash if you have anything you'd rather not keep in plain view. Most of all, remember that guns can kill.

Your own serenity dictates that you establish rules about illegal stuff. A joint in a flowerpot might have been handy when you lived alone; now it may put a dozen loved ones in the can. Being careless about who knows about your latest cop can lead to a felony or two. Dealing is suicidal if you're involved in anything heavy.

Whether living together increases heat or not, your house should be able to get its members to safety in case of a warrant. At the very least, this means being tied into another house, person or organization that will give shelter to a fugitive. Because of the collective energy, a commune should be better able to mobilize resources (ID, money, transportation) than a bunch of lone individuals.

But our house had a bigger problem than security. We weren't a women's commune. We weren't trying to organize a factory. We had no single political affiliation. We were into good times, but knew that we wanted more than the groove of it all. Living on LaSalle Street, we certainly weren't trying to get next to Ma Nature.\* We weren't out to convert everyone to Krishna Consciousness of life in a religious ashram. All of us were freaks,



but none of us had ever stopped to check if our habits, attitudes and convictions were compatible. We had guys who girls saw as chauvinists, girls who guys saw as uptight people who were neat and people who were sloppy, people who wanted to build a collective and people who dug life in a hippie hotel. We were from the Seed, Radio Free Chicago, Red Star Press, Head Imports, the U of Chicago, and Women's Liberation. We came together out of friendship, but, because we mistook "anything goes" for "I like and respect you," immediately split over what we wanted to do and who knew the most about doing it. It became a race between the chauvs, the politicos, the culture freaks, those whose work was "too important" for them to wash dishes, and those who united around the position that factions were a drag. We continued to eat and rap every night, but forgot to actually relate to each other and to our group. Things eventually degenerated to accidental meetings in the kitchen and on the bathroom line being high points of communication. By the time half of us moved to a farm and a smaller house, we had actually become looser and less effective than when we'd lived apart.

Never leave a meeting  
hating your brothers and sisters  
no matter how wrong you think they are

There will always be differences about  
the role of the proletariat  
workers  
blacks  
women  
strategy  
tactics

but they are not important enough  
(are they?)  
to make us hate each other.

Never let your wife  
husband  
go to bed if anger is all  
you can communicate to each other.

Never let your children  
go to sleep thinking that  
you are angry with them.

Never leave on a trip  
unless your family knows  
of your intense love for them.

Kiss touch feel  
not only your wife/husband/lover  
but especially  
your friends.

And never ignore an opportunity  
To love.

Julius Lester/  
Revolutionary Man-  
date number 2

The people who moved in behind us joined with those who remained to turn the house into the Chicago branch of the White Panther Party. They set up a num-

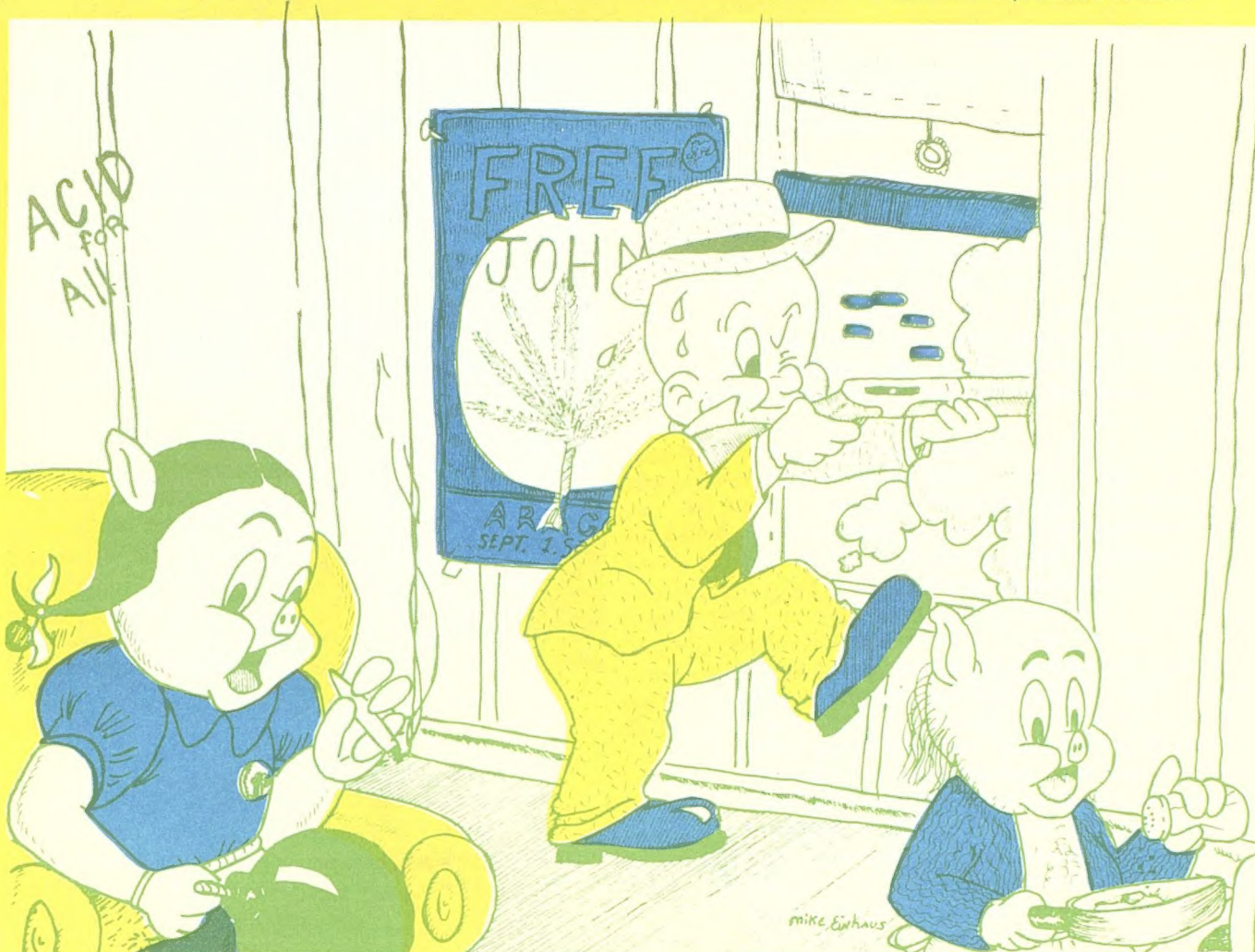
ber of projects and established a division of labor which created neither royalty nor slaves. Vehicles, stereos & other major pieces of property were held and used in common. Security was tightened, physical and political education was begun, and people got down with each other. When the house finally was raided (drugs), internal discipline saved a bust.

Uniting around a common ideology energized a mainly teen-aged house sufficiently for it to put out a newsletter, form a print co-op and function as a community hauling service—all while having fun. But they blew it from the other direction: constant meetings, artificial titles and general overstructuring held so much en-

the thousands of people who work there. It's important for people not to be silly and hype themselves into thinking that singing about how "we can be together" is the same as being together. John Sinclair speaks the truth when he says that

...the "owners", the people who control our lives and our destinies for the time being (but not for much longer!) are not going to be moved to give up their insane control and greed by a bunch of long-haired people sticking two fingers in the air and moaning about "Give peace a chance," no matter how groovy or how right these freaks are...

Any commune worth the name has to provide a solution



ergy to the house itself that its members began to feel trapped. As more and more time went into self-criticism and internal education, potential party members began to wonder whether they were interested in an organization active in the hip community or a radical debating society.

Communes can be fun. They can save money, act as learning centers, give you a sense of purpose, provide energy for projects, and act as cornerstones for a new community and as bridges to the old ones. I've underplayed these things, probably because there's a tendency to see communes as God's Way, a bit of magic which allows ripoff artists to call themselves liberated and dump on somebody organizing at Hotpoint as well as

to the problem of these "owners."

Whatever you come together to accomplish, guard against isolating yourself. You might as well hit the road if you can't be up front with the people in the next room. Don't bother talking to "the masses" if you're speaking Rhetoric as a first language. Closedmindedness about how six people supposedly can determine the nature of a community and how THE community has no parallel in all the neighborhoods of the city leads to no community. Political critiques which assume that revolution will come when 3.4 million Chicagoans put

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## COMMUNE CHECKLIST

### HOUSE PROJECT

☐ YES

☐ NO

Is important to the community in which you live, yet is consistent with building an alternative to replace unrepresentative power structures.

Challenges capitalism, racism and other major bums

All members of house participate, make decisions, share leadership and shitwork

Relates to other projects in the community

Has sustaining interest

Any profits revert to the community

Has outreach to straight neighborhoods, isn't guilty of hip isolationism

### LIVING TOGETHER

women have equal say in all matters  
non-exploitive sexual relations up to participants

general agreement on drugs and guns—no downers or speed except for energy  
no smack ever

large property (cars, etc.) held in common

scarce economic goods (anything from drugs to stereos) held in common, rotated, or assigned by need

group discussion on matters affecting living arrangement, including political education to understand what's going on around the planet

money for food and other household expenses pooled

guests checked out with other residents

group activities to build common consciousness—and don't forget to party together.

☐ YES

☐ NO

### HOUSING:

☐ YES

☐ NO

never used as a crash pad, shooting gallery of either kind, drop for large dope deals or stolen property

never ripped off

never raided

neighbors friendly or into their own thing

good stash for dope/other outside house

adequate room for sleeping, studying, office work, physical training, privacy

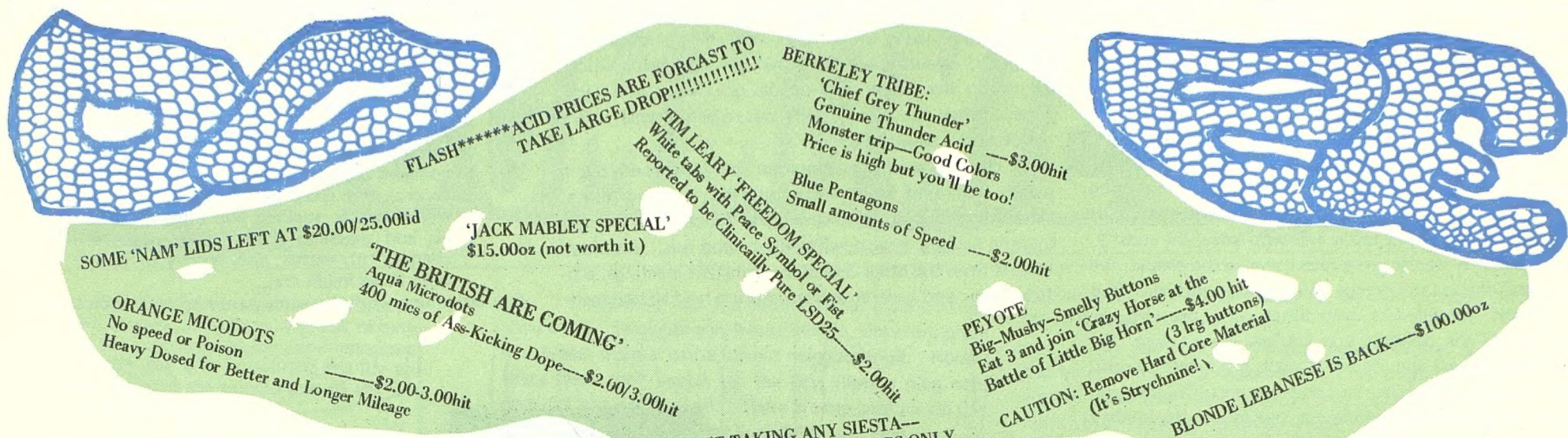
needs minimum repairs

landlord sympathizes with politics or lifestyle, will provide good service or accept repair receipts instead of rent, minds own business, doesn't require security deposit

reasonable rent

possible to walk streets without getting ripped off





The cardinal rule to remember when buying dope is Try Before You Buy—always try to smoke a joint before you buy. Better yet, try one with a friend (and there's a good case to be made for only dealing with friends) and, if one joint gets two of you pretty high... then its good dope. If it takes a whole joint to get YOU high, it's low-grade weed, but if one J gets three of you off, it's dynamite. I once got some dope that got SIX people high on one thin number, and I remember it to this day.

Be especially sure to taste dope that is very wet or smells of sugar (it's often watered down or sugar-cured to increase its weight) and about unmanicured dope that has NO seeds (these are often homegrown or male plants.)

Speaking of seeds, always check out whether the dope you're buying is going to be clean or dirty. Both types are often sold in Chicago by the "pound," and prices should vary according to the actual amount of clean grass (minus seeds and stems) you get for your money. Lids and pounds of dope commonly sell in either weight or volume measures. A weight ounce of dirty dope is obviously worth less than a weight ounce of clean dope, and sticks and stems make a volume ounce of dirty dope worth even less. The general rule is that clean dope is sold by volume (4 to 5 shotglasses, or a Prince Albert can) and dirty dope is sold by weight. Clean pounds should be good for rolling with no further cleaning, unless you're a purist, and even then, there shouldn't be more than a lid of seeds per pound. It gets harder to tell with dirty dope, but there should be considerable amounts of pure leaves—check this by looking at the bottom of the container in which it comes. This is easy with baggies, jars or vials; more difficult with bags and wrappers and almost impossible with cans. You should feel free to dump the dope onto some paper and check out the seed count. Keys should equal 2.2 lbs. or 35 oz., but, generally, the bricks won't exceed 30 oz and may drop as low as 24 oz. In any case, a 24 oz key shouldn't have more than 3 lids of garbage. No more than two lids of seeds or lumber in a dirty pound.

CON'D FROM PAGE 29

on headbands made by a craft commune will not hold up if the United Auto Workers close the industry. Trying to ignore/transcend/goof on those draggy workers/greasers/blacks/weekend hippies will get you a punch in the mouth.

Don't strive for purity. There is no one way to live, although the drift of cultural revolution is away from a husband-wife-children nuclear family. A preferred model will not emerge unless different ways of fusing our personal and social selves are tried. The White Panthers declared that they would not take a straight job because it would compromise them; they no longer exist in Chicago. A straight job is OK as long as it fits into the schedule of your projects, doesn't drive you crazy, and strengthens the revolution more than it does the system.

It's better to work a straight job than to sneak onto welfare. Hips who go onto welfare because it offers free bread create a double disadvantage: less money for those with real need and enmity from those hard-working people the Stones sing about. Instead, investigate food stamps by picking up the pamphlet available at the library, look for a job that members of your commune can take turns doing, or set up counter-institutions that feed money into a network of houses at the same time they effect social change. Finally, if you must risk shoplifting, hit a superdupermarket instead of the corner grocery.

A walk down the street suggests a hundred pro-

jects that are more than private trips. Start a People's Park, set up schools where people both teach and learn, analyze drugs, make music for free while challenging the network of promoters and laws that keep us prisoners of the dollar. Start day care centers, tenants' unions, strike support groups, street patrols to monitor the police. Check with People's Information (549-8626), Radio Free Chicago (273-3330 from midnight to five), the Free City Directory in this paper, and the Workshop on Communes (477-9771). If you're an electrician, start a class and press the union to admit black workmen. If you're a film-maker, fuck Hollywood and make pictures by and for people who've never seen themselves in motion. Develop structures to unify various communes and projects that already exist: newsletters, switchboards, legal defense funds, food conspiracies, collectives of lawyers, doctors and others ready to trade careers for commitment. Start a study group on what revolutionary groups are doing in other countries. Self-defense courses and affinity groups, day-care centers and abortion counseling, recycling depots and campaigns against eco-criminals—there's a whole world of things waiting to be done. All they need are people to do them.

Abe

If you're reading this in Chicago, then you've got to be supercareful about how you move the stuff around. Careful everywhere, but especially so in a city where unexpected police stops are expected.

If you carry a small amount to smoke, make sure that you know where it is—and lost in your back pocket doesn't count as knowing. Be able to get to it QUICK, and be prepared to eat the stuff if need be. Tastes kind of dry, but it'll be worth it. Lids should be carried with extreme care, since that much dope is quite a mouthful. Your boot or crotch (if you wear underwear; nothing like spilling a lid down your leg) is probably the safest place. Women: remember that you cannot be searched by a male policeman. If he does, try screaming something appropriate like "RAPE." The general rule is: the harder it is for him to find, a) the less chance of his finding it; and b) the better chance you have of beating the case if he does. Casting dope to the winds gives inconsistent results—if you're seen, you're dead (although people HAVE beaten cases where they were seen. Others haven't) If you're not, you're cool. This tactic works much better at night, and if you release a cloud of loose dope rather than a bag or vial.

If you carry large amounts of dope, you'll better have a car, since they don't make Levi's with THAT bit a crotch. If you do carry it in a car, you'll need a good stash place, preferably beneath or behind something that is/looks permanent and unsearchable. Under the seat won't pass any but the most cursory inspection. If you are stopped, try to keep their mind on the traffic laws. Again, remember that the harder they have to look, the harder it is to justify the search in court. NEVER leave it in plain sight. Being obvious works only in rare cases...much better to play cops and robbers games. Soemtimes cops will get really palsy-walsy and admit as how they too occasionally smoke a reefer—DON'T TRUST THEM, a dope bust is good for their record. Get the dope out of the car as quickly as possible so you won't have to ride around holding, but if the car is parked and empty, it is a fairly cool stash if you don't carry the file around with you.

Rural communes are adequately described in the current issue of *Modern Utopian*, available for \$1 from the Alternatives Foundation, 1526 Gravenstein Highway, North Sebastopol, California. It's a better rundown than the glib treatment in last month's *Esquire*.

Another important publication is *Mother Earth News*, a guide to the hard facts of farm and mountain living which can be had by sending \$2 c/o Box 38, Madison, Ohio. Looking through the two books replaces myths about Strawberry Fields Forever with a reliable picture of what life is like out where the concrete turns to grass.

Last and best of all is the *Whole Earth Catalog*, the freak source book, which is on sale locally at Head Imports (2446 N. Lincoln), Harper's Court Book Center (52 St. and Harper) and All & Everything (Dempster and Chicago in Evanston).



FEEDBACK

Dear Seed,

I want to tell you that I enjoy reading your paper very much. It seems that every time I want something, you have it answered already in your paper. YOU REALLY STATE WHAT YOU MEAN. Don't ever go out of business., because I won't have anything to read. It may get to be a hassle once in a while, but keep it up, you can count on my 35 cents .

see ya,

Cathy

SEED:

When I first subscribed to your "paper," I thought I would be getting advance notice of concerts, festivals, events, etc. This was the only portion of you "paper" I enjoyed. The rest was pure shit, reminiscent of The Daily Roachholder (a satirical "underground" in a recent issue of National Lampoon). NOW I'm not even getting SEED until about 3 weeks after publishing date. As a matter of fact, the latest issue I have is Vol. 5, no. 7, which seems to have been published around late July. Please start sending my Seeds on time or you can cancel my subscription.

Doug White  
Elkhart, Ind.

Dear Doug and other subscribers,

The SEED has been very late to subscribers this summer, mainly due to the fact that we have been sending the subs out from Wisconsin. Til we get around to taking them up there another issue is probably out. Now however, we are sending them out from Chicago, so hopefully you will be getting issues sooner. If you can buy the Seed from a street seller or store near you, it is silly to subscribe. We don't make any money and you don't get your issue until it is outdated(at least the calendar).

Ed.

Dear Seed,

Last month I requested a military subscription deal for PFC R. Utecht 324-46-4083. If the subscription went through, please cancel. He was killed in action in Viet Nam, July 3rd, 1970. The song is true, "war cannot give life, it can only take it away." Fuck the war. Thank you for your time and trouble.

Sincerely,  
Debbie Prietz

Last issue we ran a letter from a "Young Citizen For Elrod" criticizing our article on the Brian Flanagan trial. A mixup led to our answer being omitted. Since then a court decision has come down, so here's our new, improved—and final—rap on the issue.

The only thing to apologize for is getting off on a physical infirmity, even if a jury of straight Chicagoans has decided that The Rod brought his paralysis on himself. As for the rest of Jerry Appelbaum's article, we fully support the contention that revolutionaries cannot get fair trials in the courts of the system they oppose. Flanagan would be in jail had the prosecution asked the right questions (about Weatherman membership and political affiliations). A Blackstone Ranger, a Panther, or a white without the services of a good attorney would be in Cook County right now if he or she had been in Flanagan's place. Even something as trivial as hair length might have put Brian away for awhile. Brian Flanagan's acquittal is the exception to the rule that finds Bobby Seale and countless others guilty.

Furthermore, Paul Moore may see a difference between Dick Elrod and Bernard Carey, but we think that the 96% of Chicagoans between 18 and 21 who have not registered to vote have shown excellent judgment. When the choice is between Dee and Dum, between a reactionary Smith and a Stevenson who embraces Tom Foran to protect his right flank, the only time elections are worth anything is when you can get somebody who will further the Movement and who recognizes that electoral politics can't be more than a tool when the deck is stacked by those in control.

In closing, don't vote for shit.

Dear Editor:

I was shocked to read in the August 16 issue of PARADE Magazine where in the Walter Scott Questions and Answers Department a man says he is going to Saigon as a construction worker and he heard he could rent a wife for a week or a month and he asks Scott how he can go about doing this. Instead of reading something scolding the man real heavy for this horrible question Scott proceeds to tell him exactly how he can go about renting a wife for a week or month. Many of our soldiers have called the Vietnamese people by the dirty word "Gook," and this man's question just indicates further racism. In other words, a Vietnamese woman does not merit marriage and the full dignity that goes with it. She only merits a prostitution status. So that is what we are supposedly fighting for and our soldiers dying for so the Vietnamese can be our slaves like the black people were (and are). In slavery times the master took any black woman he wanted for his lusty gratification and then told

her to get the hell out of his bed when he was through with her. This is what the construction worker going to Saigon wants too. That Scott can easily and without sweat give him a routine answer as if someone were asking for a recipe to a blueberry pie is outrageous. So this is the depths we have reached and we want to be know as civilized. Oh yes we say that Asians don't respect life but we do—oh yes we do.

Theodore Lemon

Dear SEED;

I haven't written to you guys in a long time. Best wishes and good luck in your new home (I said that at the risk of sounding corny).

Your last issue, with Frankenstein on the cover, was smashing. I really dug the whole issue, and I think your cover artist has a lot of talent.

School hasn't started yet, but tell Mitch (in case he forgets what I told him) that Deerfield High School is almost liberated. We don't need passes to walk the halls anymore. That in addition to no dress code and no study halls for sophomores, juniors, and seniors. We can also officially leave school after 6th period, but kids leaving after third are not being hassled. Problems are arising, tho; the school is not recognizing our first ammendment right of leafletting. I have lawyers backing me, tho, so we might take the case to court.

Have you heard of the Watson Park Church? It's in Chicago, and under the direction of Raymond Kuhr, they are running a used postage stamp program. You see, used postage stamps can be sold to collectors, with the U.S. Government can buy 1/2 lb. of surplus food for someone needy. All postage stamps, foreign, Amerikan, air mail, etc., are usable except for Lincoln four-cent, Washington five-cent, and Roosevelt six-cent, as there are too many of them around, and have no resale value. You should urge your readers to send stamps to them. It wouldn't hurt. Address is: Raymond Kuhr, Watson Park Church, 6337 W. Cornelia, Chicago.

See you around. Oh, enclosed is \$1 for switchboard and \$1 for Alice's. I'd send more, but I don't have it. My change has gone to the food press. See you around.

Thy ever Lovin' Afghan Lover,

Robyn Michaels

re: vol 5 no. 8 p. 13

dear venice sister

my words..... i love you!

Lydia Winslow  
57 jane  
NYC 14

FREE CITY EXCHANGE 281-7197  
Kool Aide 12 E Walton 664-0505  
Y.A.T.S. 775-2211  
Youth & Community Outreach 383-1872  
The Depot 955-9347  
Looking Glass (runaways) 1725 W Wilson 334-2601  
Grace Church (runaways) 555 W Belden 549-1002  
Alice's Revisited 950 W Wrightwood 528-4250  
Seed 950 W Wrightwood 929-0133  
Rising Up Angry 2261 N Lincoln 472-1791  
Chicago Defender 225-2400  
Second City 2120 N Halsted 549-8760  
Chicago Journalism Review 664-5255  
Radio Free Chicago 273-3330

Women's Liberation Union 927-1790  
S. Side Women's Center 5406 S Dorchester DO3  
S Side Women's Ctr 5406 S Dorchester DO31348  
La Dolores 2150 N Halsted 935-0364  
W Side Womens Ctr 2874 W Cermak 927-1790  
Revolutionary Art Coop 642-9456

Black Panther Party 2350 W Madison 243-8276  
Patriot Party 1210 Montrose 784-1266  
Concerned Citizens 2512 N Lincoln 348-6842  
IWW 2440 N Lincoln 549-5045

Young Patriots 4400 N Sheridan 334-8957  
LADO 2353 2353 W North 276-0909  
Young Lords 834 W Armitage 549-8505  
Peoria Four 2754 N Hampton Ct 667-8320  
Chi Peace Council 343 S Dearborn 922-6578  
Peoples School 4409 N Sheridan 561-6737  
YAWF 3435 N Sheffield 248-8082  
Student Mobe 9 S Clinton 332-1108  
YSA 248-8082  
N Side Coop Ministry 281-0690  
Breadbasket 548-6540  
Men Against Cool 248-9622

Gay Liberation:  
South Side U of C 955-7433  
North Side 472-2967  
Northwestern Univ 338-9241  
Roosevelt Univ 525-5268  
Mattachine Midwest 334-2244

Community Legal Counsel 726-0157  
Lincoln Pk Rights Center 525-9775  
ACLU 6 S. Clark 236-5564  
People's Law 2156 N Halsted 929-1880  
Counter Cultural Law Project 649-8576

Mental Health Clinic 1900 N Sedgwick 642-3531  
VD Clinic (free) 27 E 26th St 842-0222  
Student Health Org 1613 E 63rd 493-2741  
Young Patriots Clinic 4408 N Sheridan 334-8957  
Planned Parenthood 185 N Wabag 726-5134  
Young Lords Clinic 834 N Armitage 549-8505  
Fritz Engelstein Health Ctr 348-6842  
Abortion Counseling 643-3844  
Clergymans Counseling (abortions) 324-4958  
Black Panther Helath Clinic 522-3220  
Englewood Health Clinic 140 W 62nd 955-3220  
Centro Para Salud Del Pueblo 276-0900  
Benito Juarez Clinic 1831 N Racine 243-4844

Dial A Beating 11th & State PIG-4000  
Police Emergency 765-1313  
Audy Home 2240 W Roosevelt 633-2200  
Cook County POW Camp 2600 Calif 523-0101





